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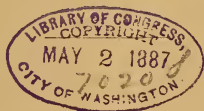


BEYOND

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.

MAY 2 1887

BEYOND:
A
RECORD OF REAL LIFE
IN THE
BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY
OVER THE RIVER
AND
BEYOND.



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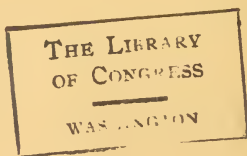
1887.

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BEYOND.

I.

Adelaide's Story.

MY LOVED ONES AT HOME : I know how anxiously you are looking for letters from the dear ones here, and I avail myself of the first opportunity that has offered to write you and give some real information respecting this country over the river and Beyond. You wonder how we live and whether life here is like that with you. Yes ; life here is in many things very much as with you ; so much so that it is frequently very amusing to see the amazement of those coming here and finding us living in real houses, with surroundings so much like those where they came from. People often have very imperfect ideas of any new country, especially so of this.

We find very much here that brings an agreeable surprise, perhaps nothing more so than when we see persons in possession of a home and surroundings of beauty, who were considered quite poor when with you, and were supposed to be passing through life uncomfortably. True, they appeared happy and contented, yet others wondered why they were. Their condition was such that there was no evidence of accumulated wealth, yet they were ever ready to lead the sorrowing from darkness into the bright light of hope and trust. They were always more happy

among the suffering than the gay, and were always welcomed by such as a gleam of sunshine.

When these come into this country and learn the laws governing all things here and the possibilities that surround us, they commence to accomplish the many good things they were deprived of in the old home with you. Many things longed for there are within their reach and secured here; hence newcomers here are greatly surprised in finding a poor, plain companion of the old home, surrounded with all the beauty and grandeur that the soul could, or did long for before. Honesty of purpose, purity of life, and love for the right, instead of the wrong, prove to be stepping stones to success here.

Then, again, all coming here are surprised to find every kind of business carried on in this clime, the same as in the old place they came from. It seems almost natural to think that a new country to those who are not informed, must have been new and unexplored before they came there, and this idea is the cause of many surprises here. Here we have all kinds of business in full operation and has been for so long a time that there is no experimenting and failing. Here all work because they love to, all constantly working for the happiness of others and in so doing not only make others happy but are equally happy themselves. I have been in many places of business and make my wants known and am presented with the article desired. The joy in giving appears to be the motive, as they always accompany the gift with, "I hope that it may make you happy," and request me to come again.

When I first came here it was a source of wonder and I was very curious to know where all the different things came from, but I have since learned that there are places where each article is made ; they are not all made in one place. Different articles are made by persons who have just the conditions to produce certain results. Each place has a different condition or atmosphere and the workers are in harmony with the place they are in.

I was one of a company to witness the manufacture of a beautiful lace curtain, and this was very interesting to me. They work, or seem to work, very much as with you, except that they make no mistakes here. In making this lace they appeared to be rubbing their hands together, making motions as though they had the material, and though I could not see the material, they must have had it, because the lace began to fall from their hands beautifully made, and when finished was given to one of our party. One thing surprised me very much and that was that the giver appeared more happy if possible than the recipient. They appear to be very happy because they are in conditions enabling them to produce something that others are glad to procure and were engaged in making these things before coming here, and receive more satisfaction in the work now than before.

There is one curious fact, however, and that is, we must be in the right condition, or they do not offer the article to us. If I were to wish for a white satin robe, I would have to be pure, for white is ever an emblem of purity. They make no mistakes in giving. There is no deception here, therefore we are careful about asking for things we are

not in condition to enjoy, or worthy to have. We seldom meet any one in these places who is not in harmony with all the surroundings of purity. It sometimes happens that persons will ask for something not in harmony with their condition; in these cases the refusal is coupled with an explanation and advice, as to what is required in order to secure the thing desired, and a request to go and overcome the bad condition and then return, when it will be gladly given. All are ready to lend a helping hand and give such advice as would tend to help those below us in the scale of progression.

There are many things to see and explain when you come to us here in the Beyond. We come with love and helpfulness, fully realizing that this way of greeting is only a comfort and help to pass the few remaining years before you also come to us in the Beyond. Yes, my dear ones, we know the many heartaches, the many hours of loneliness you experience in not seeing us as before we came away, but be assured that time passes on the wings of swiftness, and soon you will all be here where the pain of separation will never come to you more.

It is a joyous thought that in the Beyond there will be no night; that while the orb of day may sink down in gloom, and dismal shadows steal over the earth, there is no darkness here in our home in the beautiful Beyond. From that state of mortality you will emerge into a world of glorious light, and the gloom that has overshadowed the soul in earth life will be unknown here. No cloud shall rise to mar the universal joy; no darkness will steal over the radiant skies. Arising as from the slumber of a new

born soul, disrobed of the garments of night, you will be clothed with the spotless vesture of immortal life. Then shall the sadness and shadows of sorrow be no longer known, but the radiance of celestial joy and purity shall pervade the mighty City of the Soul, and the morning song of angels bursting in the glad thrilling music from angels' lips and golden harps, shall proclaim that the doleful night is passed and the dawn of eternal day has come.

Murmur not at the loss of loved ones, for though they have passed out of sight, they have only passed on before. They are not lost, but simply gone to prepare a home for you where there are loved ones patiently waiting for your earth work to be finished; where you will ever remain one of a "family in Heaven."

Home: surely there is no such place as a loving home. In your life there is no charm like that of love and home, and when we come to this beautiful Heaven of happiness, we retain our love of home and the dear ones left in sorrow. We could not be happy, even in all this beauty, if we could not in some way return and assist in driving away the clouds of sorrow that so often hover over the loved ones there. Therefore we are made quite as happy as you can be, in being allowed to come to you in this way.

We rejoice to know that the door stands open and we are so welcome to enter, and it shall be our loving duty to be ever ready to come to you at all times, and so far as is possible, hold aside the curtain that separates us from your gaze, and we hope to so come that you cannot doubt the fact. We pray for a continuance of our Sunday meetings.

The heavenly light of dear ones gathers closely around

you all. We comprehend the fact that many anxious cares are ever closely with you gathered. In your life there is much to give you happiness as well as sadness. As on you go from door to door you meet with life and death; still, on you go and when the angel of new life enters your home, it must be met, and with the help of angel friends you pass bravely on, stemming the tide, knowing that your loved ones have not died but passed on before. Yes; we know the heartaches and sorrow left behind when we leave your loving care and could we not in some way assure you of our everlasting love we could not be happy, though we are in this beautiful land of eternal love. We are ever looking forward to the happy opening of the golden summer time when your anxious toiling will cease; when the golden gates of new life will open and we can bid you enter into the joy and rest that awaits you all on this side.

Life in your country is of such a nature that all coming here at first feel that all they care for is rest, perfect rest. Soon that condition is secured, then they are ready and glad to pass out of a condition of idleness. Some at this time begin to build a home. Many do not care for a home so much as to be enabled to assist others to enter into a condition of restfulness and content. There is very much loving work here to do. There are so many constantly coming into this life of the Beyond without any knowledge of the conditions they are coming into, that there is constant demand for a helping hand, and loving ones are ever ready and glad to assist our fellows to fully understand the laws governing this world of the Beyond and happiness.

When you come, Edna and myself will be the first to meet and lead you to our home, where loving friends will be waiting to greet you. Then you will be led into scenes of greater beauty than has been described to mortal minds. You will have no fear of crossing the river into the Beyond, for close beside you there will linger one who will envelop you with the light of trustfulness and love ; take you by the hand and lead you along the pathway to everlasting life.

Could I only picture how we live so that you could see and fully realize it, I would feel that I was giving you some of our sunshine which we are so abundantly supplied with. We wait lovingly for the time when we can hold the thin curtain one side and welcome you to our home of happiness.

There is one comforting thought that fills our souls while waiting so patiently, and that is that the trials and lessons of your life are necessary to complete joy and happiness here in the Beyond. Without those lessons you would not be fully prepared to enjoy and appreciate all that is awaiting your coming. Your troubles should give strength and teach you patience. All the lessons of your life have an influence that will be clearly understood after you enter into the new life that is awaiting all. I will bid you to ever look forward to the "happy time coming," ever feeling that all will be well with you in the happier home-land of the Beyond.

When I look back to the time I was with you in the earthly form, and compare, I can see a continual line of improvement in my earthly and spiritual home. At times darkness would come before my eyes and shut out the bright light, but that would soon pass away and leave me

and mine all the brighter. All trials are but stepping stones to a higher, grander life. It is through our experience that we become perfect. Time and again did I return to my old home in the early days of my life in the Beyond ; ever lingering close by those on the other side. Each visit wound the chain of affection more closely around us. Though you could not see me, the fact that I was not lost to you, only passed on before, gave you strength and courage and at the same time drew me more closely to you.

You were battling with life's dark clouds. I was striving to cast them aside, and often found this hard to do at times ; sometimes I failed and at others succeeded. In this country of the Beyond, I am surrounded by all that is beautiful, but love would not permit me to forget my own in all my new surroundings of grandeur. No ; *we* never forget or leave the heart's dearest treasure. If our loved ones have not come into the new life, we watch over them and patiently wait until they also pass through the "Pearly Gate" of the Beyond.

What is home without loved ones ?

What would Heaven be without our own ?

What would life be without a hereafter ?

What would life be, could we not return to bridge over the chasm caused by our passing away from them ?

I am glad to return and find my loved ones ever progressing ; happy in finding the home and surroundings more beautiful than before ; happy in finding the darkness that enveloped it passing away and the new light casting its glow of golden hue in every place ; glad that my

loved ones stand up to-day higher and better than ever before.

You work for to-day, and to-morrow comes perfecting the work. Sometimes it appears to be a failure, as you look upon it, for the result was not as you hoped, but ever remember that your angel friends are watching over you and they often finish your work here for you. They carry out the plans you failed in and in the Beyond you will find many of your failures completed and loving ones waiting to enjoy your surprise when you enter into that condition of satisfaction that success only gives the soul. All will be made plain in the Beyond.

No good thing done in earth life is lost, and many failures there are completed by loved ones here, and held in readiness for the discouraged soul to enter into after coming into the new life in the Beyond. Ever rest assured that in your home on this side there will be no heart sickening disappointment and there is waiting much that you looked upon as lost.

It is our happy work, our everyday life, to care for our dear ones who are struggling with the many difficulties met in earth life. You frequently see some one longing for and hoping to secure something to assist in perfecting herself in some soul absorbing lesson, perhaps perfection in music ; her whole life has been one of longing for musical education and instruments. The longing may have been for the possession of a piano, and she came into the Beyond with this longing unsatisfied. Yes ; she came here disappointed in the one great longing of her soul. She came feeling that the life before the Beyond was a failure.

Great was her disappointment there, but far greater will her happiness be in this life, for she will find that loving angels had prepared for her coming. Loving angels had prepared a surprise for her in the shape of the long hoped-for piano ; not a shadow, but a real piano ; and who can estimate the happiness this soul experiences upon coming into this beautiful Beyond ?

You will find that many of the great disappointments in your life there, will not always remain with you, for here we are enabled to secure all the conditions of purity and happiness. Be not discouraged because of the many disappointments you meet there, for all of earth's trials have a lesson, as well as the successes.

I have solved the mystery of "Death" and rejoice in being enabled to come to you in this way with glad tidings of great joy.

One of my greatest sources of happiness comes from these communions with you, and in being allowed to hold aside the mortal curtain so that you can gain some true knowledge of the world and conditions that you will ere long enter into. We are waiting patiently for your earth work to be done, so that we may lead you, one by one, through the valley into a home prepared for you by loving hands. There will be great rejoicing among the Angels when my loved ones come into the Beyond. We are waiting and watching so as to make the Heavens resound with gladness as you pass through the open gate into a life of perfect rest in the Beyond.

We ever stand ready and waiting to answer the call of any in your home-nest of love. It gives us pleasure to

know that we can come to you as we do. You are blessed by our coming, for it fills up the chasm that stands open to all who do not realize the truth of spirit return. It builds a bridge upon which we can come to you, and wait until we can take you across it to our home and your home in the Beyond. It prepares a way that gives us the blessed privilege of coming and unfolding the curtains of doubt and despair which gather in times of trouble.

When the angel of new life enters the home and takes from its nest your darlings, to transplant them into worlds of beauty and life everlasting, it gives us the opportunity to come and assure you that they are not lost to you ; that though out of sight, they are ever near you as before and clasping their arms lovingly around you. It gives us the strength and encouragement we do need in our life here in the Beyond. It opens the door and bids us enter as in other times, to meet with you the darkness which so often comes in each earth life. It proves to us and to you that there still exists the bond of affection as when we were by your side in the mortal form. It gives us the opportunity of opening our hearts to you, and you to us, both receiving strength by helping the other.

We hope our coming will be the means of ever casting a light upon your pathway, that you may avoid much that would be darkness without the bright ray from the higher conditions of life in the Beyond ; that while we scatter around you flowers in perfect bloom, you give to us, as of old, your love, trust and the assurance that we are waiting until you can cover us with blossoms sweet.

To come and be joyously received by those in earth life who are dear to us as when with them in the mortal form, is much to be thankful for on our side. To have your dear ones return and confide in you, and tell you of the new life in the Beyond as they progress day by day, is much for you to be thankful for. It gives to your life and ours a new feeling. It gives us all courage : you to wait until we once more meet in the Beyond where we can plainly see each other ; and us to build a home amid strange scenes and faces for you. It allows us to return and gather new strength and love from our own.

You have much to endure, but we would experience more pain were we to return and find you trying to forget us ; that we were disowned by our own. It would be like leaving home for southern scenes and on returning find our wife, children and all we loved on earth, or in life, withdrawn from us ; that we were no more to them, simply because we were obliged to lay aside our old dress for one more fitting our new condition.

We all come with feelings difficult to express, our love filling us too full for words to convey the full meaning. We all rejoice that for us there is within your home a light of love and an acceptance of truths handed down to you from those who are but thinly veiled from your eyes ; and we stand with our hand on the curtain's edge, waiting to draw it one side so that you may once more see us as we are.

Earth life is like a golden stair. Day by day you pass up one step higher and as on you go, you are nearing the door at the top ; and there at the open door all your loved

ones, beautifully fair, together with your little one with golden hair, will stand, ready to greet you with joy. Her looks and movements will be as before and you will gladly fold her in your arms, fully realizing that at last you are at home among your own. She will take the hand and lead you on the way, chatting and laughingly ask you to play, for now you are not tired and must be full of new life and happiness all the day. A door may sometime open to those on the stair, so that the longing gaze may get a peep of the beautiful home and loved ones on our side the gate. Yes, we know how longingly you gaze and trustingly watch for loved ones to appear and drive all doubt away. Fear not; the time is coming when you all will come to the top of the stair, one by one, and we assure you that we will be waiting there to lead you lovingly to our home of loving care. Fear not, for we shall ever linger close by your side as you climb the golden stair and it is our mission to cast all doubt one side so that you may ever see the light that is shining on the way.

My dear Libbie, I wish I could express my love to you for the many years of loving care you have devoted to our loved one. You are permitted to remain by his side in earth life all these years, doing your duty lovingly, while I cling closely by your side, realizing that you are caring for my loved one. I try with all my love for him to give impressions so that I may feel that I too am doing something toward making his life one of love and happiness; realizing to the fullest extent that from the Beyond I cannot accomplish all that a mortal can, still it is a great pleasure to help you. You are like an own sister to me. I love

you dearly and my happiest moments are passed with you two. I cling closely to you, and where you both are I stand with a heart full of love, only waiting for the years to pass away, feeling that every new year makes one less to pass through. I am not impatient, for I have a loving duty to perform and I enter into it with my whole soul. I am waiting patiently, knowing that when you both come I shall be so full of joyous feelings that tears will flow down my cheeks as well as your own at our happy, glorious reunion. Many years have I been waiting for my loved ones to join me in my home in Heaven, feeling that when the time comes, when the curtain which separates the immortal from the mortal has passed away, we will bow our heads in prayer of thanksgiving that though we were parted in grief, we have met in brighter scenes of love and labor, where there is no more parting in grief to endure.

Softly comes a gentle whisper to the weary brain, that beyond the vale of waiting, stand the dear ones, not lost but yours for evermore; only waiting till the murmur of earth's waters are no more. Only waiting till the glad tidings come with swift flying wings of the dove, for *us* to prepare for you, our dwelling with garlands most beautiful and rare. All the pain of long, long waiting, will be crowned with victory's blessings. All the darkness left behind you will be forgotten in the brightness that surrounds you as we usher you into the home among loved ones on this shore.

Upon the sunny banks of Eden, upon the pure pebbled shore, we often gather gems of beauty, which, but for you, would be worthless, as for you we labor. For you we

pray. Over you we watch both night and day. We do not leave you. We could not leave you. Your home is our home and there we mostly stay.

When tempests bleak and cold surround you whom we love so dear, we come and softly whisper, "Love, the sun is shining on this side." The frost may glisten at your feet, but the angels bring you flowers sweet. When oft you feel that your path is dark, we come to bring hope and strength to toil faithfully up the path where you will meet us lovingly, trustingly waiting to greet you. Then we will lead you to our home, where trouble and care shall never be known.

It is with pleasure that I grant your request to give the story of my entrance into the Beyond, of which you and I had so often thought and become interested in before I passed away from you. I ever stand ready to lend my light to any who are in darkness and doubt. If one soul is made more content, if the sorrow and pain of parting with loved ones is lifted and any one made brighter through reading the experiences of your Adelaide in the Beyond, she will be glad, for we are ready to give unto all a gleam of the glorious possibilities that await you in this beautiful country beyond the sunset.

ADELAIDE.

II.

Over the River.

My last remembrance of earth life is the conversation with you in reference to the life in the Beyond and the possibility of returning in some unmistakable way so that you would know and feel my presence beyond doubt. The next distinct thought was that I had awakened from a deep, restful sleep and was being carried in some person's arms. This surprised me, and on looking around I found a beautiful white cloud enveloped me and prevented my seeing any one. Another surprise was that I was free from pain. Then I wondered what had happened to me. Soon the cloud passed away and I found myself supported by Father Kenyon, and resting in a place I had never seen before ; there was nothing very unnatural here, but it appeared strange. Here was Father Kenyon ; surely he had died ; but here I saw him looking like life and natural. More than that, he appeared to be caring for my comfort just as he would on earth.

I now began to think the great change had come to me, that I had in some way passed through the valley and shadow of death and away from you. I had supposed that to die was to suffer, struggle and dread to go. I had experienced none of these things and did not know when the great change had taken place. I did not know that the Resurrection Day had come to me. I soon became restless and inquired where I was and what had become of you. Then Father Kenyon said that I was in the Beyond, where all are free from sickness and pain, where all is love

and bliss complete. This did not satisfy me ; I wanted to return to my home, where my husband and baby boy were. That was my Heaven, and I could think of no place where I could be so happy as in the old home with my loved ones.

Father assured me that he would return to you in company with me, but desired that I wait a little time, that I might become stronger. I was not willing to wait and was not contented. Then he said : " Listen for a moment." Then the sweetest singing I ever heard came floating from the distance like a benediction, filling my soul with its sweetness. I listened silently and in wonder. Soon I saw six young ladies coming. They were more beautiful than pen can picture. When they came to me, one laid a wreath of flowers at my feet, another placed a crown of lilies upon my head, another held a book before me which was worn, faded and yellow, with the cover nearly all worn away. She placed the book before me, kneeling as she did so, and said : " This book of life is well filled, deeds of kindness over-balancing all darkness. The silver threads of life are not broken. The lessons and struggles of earth life we will close up between its two covers and give to the one who will cherish and show it to others, that they may read on its pages the good to come from ' doing unto others as you would that they do unto you.' " She then raised her hands and the book disappeared and another was handed to me. This was perfectly new and beautiful. The covers were like silver, with leaves pure white and soft as silk. This she gave me and said : " A new book is given unto you, to use as your

spiritual intelligence best directs you. When complete, you will pass onward and upward to receive another of a higher condition. Thus we progress : onward and upward. We love, bless and protect you forever." She left the book in my lap. Then they sang sweetly and passed away from my sight, leaving father and myself alone.

What a lesson ! I cling to the book and prize it greatly, and think I understand the lesson fully.

Then there shone upon me a golden light so bright that I could not look up. Soon it passed away and before me stood many loved ones who had passed into the Beyond before I did. They all looked the same as in the earthly form and so did I. All were glad to meet me and hoped I would be happy and contented in the beautiful Summer Valley.

This sounded strange to me. "Happy and contented" in any place where my husband and child were not ? No ; I was not contented and would prefer to return to my earth home again. They bade me good bye and requested father to lead me to them on my return from the home where my loved ones in earth were.

Father took my hand in his and said : "My child, we will now pass to earth. I will direct you safely as we go." We journeyed through beautiful places where flowers bloom and all was beautiful. Here I gathered lovely blossoms for you. We were walking on flowers instead of grass. Notwithstanding all this loveliness and grandeur I was not content, for my soul and love went out to you and my baby boy.

Before we came into earth atmosphere and condition, there appeared before us great banks of snow white clouds. They were beautiful. These clouds passed away and we landed upon a bank of grass so green that it did not look natural. We did not remain here long, but passed along. We soon came to a misty, cloudy atmosphere which quickly passed away and I found that we had now reached earth and I was by your side again. I found that all was quiet. My body had been laid in its last resting place and you were in deep sorrow with your heart nearly breaking thinking that you were alone. Alone? No; never!

Then I hoped to come to you so that you would know that you were not alone, but failed, except in putting my arms lovingly around you and infusing into your soul the hope that all would be well in the end; that in the Beyond we would be enabled to see each other face to face again. I saw all your sorrow; saw the thoughts you had; saw the unrest that hovered over you, and was then glad that I had left our dear child to be your anchor. In times of sorrow you would remember that though I was not there, our child was and in need of greater care than before. Then a calm would come over your soul, causing me much joy. While you were so sorrowful I could not leave you, for it would have been impossible for me to be happy while I knew that you were miserable.

I saw that you must have a home for yourself and our child before you could be contented again, and I remained with you much of the time until you decided to let our Libbie be a mother to our boy and a helpmeet to yourself.

May the loving angels be ever near her, for she has most nobly accomplished all I hoped and prayed for. Until your home was surrounded by the loving care of one who would be a mother and wife, I could not be content to pass to other conditions in the new life in the Beyond.

Father Kenyon was with me nearly all this time and when we saw that you were again contented and happy, he led me to other scenes.

When we decided to leave you for a time, he took my hand and I again felt myself rising in the air. I looked back and could see everything very clearly and was sad, for it appeared that I was leaving all I loved in the world. He put his protecting arm around me and said, "My child, you must not feel so sad, for you can return to those you love at any time, and you should not grieve in this way at the parting." I made no reply. My thoughts were of you and the loved ones in earth life, and I did not think there could be any place so dear to me as the one close by your side and our loved ones in the form.

As we passed out of sight of the earth, we appeared to be in the clouds ; here and there I could see paths leading to some place. Imagine yourself walking on the beautiful banks of white clouds, and passing up over one and another, passing on and on, coming to other clouds, with color, some pink and others of a golden hue !

We finally came to a path, when father said : "Look to your left, my child."

There I saw a great many children coming down the path to us. They were all dressed in some thin white material, and each had flowers ; oh, so many kinds of lovely

flowers! As they came near, we stood still; then each came to me for a kiss. Then they rose up in the air and dropped their flowers upon me. When the last one came for a kiss, she said: "We welcome you to Summer Valley—that is where we all live; this grandpa will lead you to us after a time." She placed a wreath upon my head, then all of them disappeared.

I was surprised and had nothing to say, but looked to father for an explanation. He said: "Dear Adelaide, you have only commenced to see the beauties of this Heavenly sphere."

Though I could not feel that I was yet in Heaven, for that would mean complete happiness, I was conscious that a feeling of content was creeping in. Here the cloud that had been with me since leaving earth passed away, and we were on green grass, where all was perfectly lovely. Here we followed a path that led to father's home, where four beautiful and bright children came to meet us. They also had flowers, which were scattered in the pathway. As we approached, one came to greet me and said: "We want a mamma and are so glad you have come!"

The pathway was scattered over with flowers, the doorway was one mass of vine, with flowers arranged so as to form a harp. Inside, the home was like a bower of flowers. Birds came in and out fearlessly, singing their happy songs. In the center of the room was a comfortable chair, in which father placed me, where I enjoyed perfect rest.

Words cannot convey the feeling of perfect bliss that filled my soul, and I was completely lost in wonder and delight. While sitting there, one of the little girls placed

a very large basket of flowers in my lap, which filled the air with a strengthening, soothing influence. After resting in this beautiful place for some time, Father Kenyon came to my side and said : "Adelaide, do you know that *now* you are in Heaven?" "Yes, father ; I know where I am."

Then we passed out of the home and I was spellbound at the gloriously beautiful scene before me. Now I could see clearly things at a distance. One of the children held my hand and enjoyed my amazement very much as she explained all they, the children, had done in and around the home. We walked down by the river and sat down on a mound of moss ; then I felt that if you and our child were with me, all would be complete.

I remained here in father's home a long time, perfectly contented among so much beauty and restfulness. After becoming fully rested and better acquainted with the surroundings, I accompanied father on a visit to Summer Valley, where the children live and where he was a frequent visitor.

As we came in sight of Summer Valley, I was again surprised. I expected to see children, but not such a great host of them. Oh, how many there were ! I could think of nothing except thousands of little chickens. As we came near, we sat down on a bank or mound of flowers. Soon they saw us and came running up. Some had dolls, others pictures, and all the various things that children love to play with. Here I was again overcome with amazement, and was now fully certain that I was in Heaven. My mother's love yearned for little children,

and I would have been glad to have brooded them all as a mother hen does her chicks.

I wondered why so many were here, and father said :
 “These are little ones who have no mamma on this side, and many of them will never know who their mother is. They are beautiful children, and very happy ; and never have any trouble.”

The four children in father’s home came from here, and I learned that I could have some of them for my own when I desired to care for them.

After mothers have been here for some time, they long for little children, and go to Summer Valley and take as many as they desire ; usually as many as they have left on the other shore, sometimes more.

We returned to father’s home, where I remained a long time and became very much attached to the four little ones under his care.

Notwithstanding all this Heavenly beauty, there would come over me a cloud of discontent, a longing for my loved ones on the other shore and then I would return to you and use all my power to lift you out of the sorrow that continued to hover over you at times. I noticed that every visit of this kind gave me more strength and I returned to the home in the Beyond in a more contented condition.

And so it is that when we strive to lift up others we are likewise benefited. Thus it was that I learned that I had a noble work before me. My life here is passed greatly in learning the way of helping others.

You and I thought all our plans and hopes were blasted

in the bud, when we were separated in tears. But no ; there shines a more glorious light to-day than when I passed away. I am with you just the same, and come to you from this side with the story of my life and love for you, and the assurance of the life and joy in store for us in this beautiful country of the Beyond, where we will be reunited to part no more.

Yes ; I will learn more fully the laws overruling the Heavens ; will try and rise to a perfect understanding of this world of beauty where all is so harmoniously grand, so that from time to time I may be enabled to hold out to you a beacon star that shall guide you safely and trustingly to this home among the blest.

Just across the river that runs near Father Kenyon's home, is a beautiful Mountain Island. The trees are perfect and in great variety. I often wondered how they came there. Were they planted by some one, or did they always and forever stand there in such beautiful green ? Do they ever lose their lovely foliage ? This was for me to learn, and I felt that I was like an infant fully grown in statue, but not in wisdom.

Father had built a rustic bridge over the river at the time he selected this lovely spot for his home. The desire to visit the Island and learn more of it possessed me, and I passed over and found a path leading from the bridge, and as there was only the one path, concluded to follow that and learn where it led. It wound along near the water's edge until near the center of the Island, there turned windingly up and around until it reached the top of the Mountain ; there I found a rustic seat and a little bed of violets.

There I rested and looked in all directions, with nothing to obstruct my vision. On looking down, I was surprised at the distance to the river. I could see clearly the surrounding country, and saw here and there little villages or settlements, no two alike. Could see people passing to and fro. Children were every place. In one direction I saw people on the river and thought they were a party pic-nic-ing. All was so like things on earth that I was surprised and spellbound, and was not inclined to leave this place for some time.

When ready to leave for home, I thought the children would be pleased with some of the violets, and gathered some for them, and to fasten to my dress. While arranging the flowers I heard a great many voices singing. I could see no one coming, as the path wound around out of my sight as it led down the mountain. Soon the mystery was solved, for up the path up the side of the mountain came very many children with flowers in their hands. Soon they came to the place where I was sitting and threw their flowers all around me. There was nothing said until all came near. There was a great number, yet there was room for all of them. One climbed into my lap and put flowers all over my hair. Another made a necklace of lilies. Another made a bouquet, and yet another made a hat of vine, "sailor shaped," and placed it on my head and said : "You is our mamma and we come to tell you so ; ain't you glad ?"

I told them "Yes" ; and that I loved them all. Then they sang a bird song that was so charming that once heard can never be forgotten. Here were children from

three to fourteen years of age, all singing as none in earth life can. In this song all kinds of singing birds were imitated to perfection. No; I cannot describe this scene. You will be obliged to wait till you come, before you can comprehend the difference between earthly and heavenly singing.

After this surprise and the wonderful singing ceased, they wished to accompany me home. Then two little ones clasped my hands and led me down the pathway, followed by the rest to the rustic bridge, where father, Libbie, Susan and the four children of father's care met us. Then my group again sang one of their lovely songs.

I learned that these children came from Summer Valley and were acquainted with Father Kenyon. After playing some time they were ready to return and wanted me to go with them and I really wanted to go, but father thought I would prefer to take up my work among older ones and proposed to go with me to "Palace Garden," where children from ten to fifteen have a home and school where music, singing, drawing, painting and other arts were taught. We remained there some time, and though all was grand and beautifully harmonious, there were no little children and my mother nature was longing for them, so I decided to return to father's home and go with the dear little ones in Summer Valley.

There are places here where all can learn the things unlearned and longed for in earth life.

There is one place where father often goes to learn more fully the laws overruling us, for we learn that there is much to unlearn and learn aright after coming into this life in the Beyond.

It was not long after returning from the visit to Palace Garden before I commenced my work among the little ones in Summer Valley and there I remained a long time. While working there I selected five girls and five boys to take with me and care for as my own. I concluded to take them to father's home and there decide where to build a home of my own.

Before commencing my home I was requested to work with a band of ladies in receiving little babies and small children who have no mammas here to receive and care for them. This work pleased my band of ten little ones and I always had some of them accompany me when I was called in this work of loving care.

Our work was to visit the mortal side of life and be ready to receive the little soul as it passed away from the mortal form, and bring it into the spiritual sphere, freed from sickness and suffering, here to grow up amid smiling, happy faces, and scenes of great beauty. I remained in this work until your first sickness after I came to this side. Then I thought you also were coming into the happy life here ; but you came not, therefore we put off home making at that time.

You will think it very strange that here in the Beyond everything so much resembles the world you live in, and so it was with me at first, for I had never learned much respecting the wonderful new life and beauties in the Beyond, and I come now with these letters to tell you a truthful story of real life here.

ADELAIDE.

III.

Adelaide's First Christmas In The Beyond.

MY DEAR HUSBAND: Another Christmas is drawing near, making thirty-four since I came to this beautiful Summer Land. All these years I have been waiting patiently and watching tenderly over your earth life; at all times coming as close to you as surrounding conditions would permit, and though the way was not open for me to come all these years, I fully understood and waited, knowing that the door would swing wide open some day so that I could answer all the questions about the Beyond, that we were so eagerly trying to solve before we were parted in grief and disappointment.

I write you at this time to answer your thought as to how I enjoyed my first Christmas in the new life.

I was assured by our Father Kenyon that each and every one who had in earth life been accustomed to commemorate Christmas did also observe and celebrate the day here.

It was in your lovely month of October when I came to this country of more exceeding beauty, and Christmas had scarcely entered my mind. When the thought did come, it was a wonder to me how I could enjoy that day without snow and the jingle of sleigh bells with the merry laughter of my dear ones in earth life.

At this time I was not very contented in the new life in the Beyond, separated from the dear home and loved ones left in sorrow. Probably no young wife and mother would be perfectly happy away from the home nest, though surrounded by indescribable beauty and loveliness amidst

friends in the Beyond, who were doing all that was possible to alleviate her sorrow. So much in this new life had surprised me that I was content to wait and learn how holidays were enjoyed on this side of the river of life, for I concluded that nearly all things were possible here.

For some time before Christmas time, people were passing father's home with their arms full of good things, and they appeared to come from all directions. Then I was satisfied that there must be plenty of good things in some place. So much activity and preparation gave me the thought to do something myself, and I consulted father. I then decided that as I knew spirit return to be a fact, I would at this particular time return and take "my love token" to you.

As I was thinking about this visit and wondering what would best please you, a little bird flew directly before me, lighting at my feet amid the flowers. As I looked down, the flowers were more perfect and brilliant than I had ever noticed them, and I gathered many and carried them to you. How glad I was that I did so, for you were lonely and sad ! I covered you with them and talked to you, as when with you in the form, nor did I leave you until your earthly morning light broke over the hilltop.

I was perfectly aware that you could not see me nor the beautiful flowers I had brought, but I also knew that my presence gave you hope and strength to meet the trials of the day, and the flowers did me nearly as much good. You sometimes wonder why we come to you in earth life with such a profusion of flowers, so long as you cannot see them. We are aware of the fact that you cannot, yet we come to

you and make our presence known, so that you are encouraged and strengthened. This you know ; and we know that the beautiful flowers are as real as anything else in this life in the Beyond. We love them and can see where they do help the conditions wherever they are placed in profusion. Therefore, do not question the loving influence of the beautiful flowers we bring you, though you cannot see them.

As the morning light broke over the hills, I left you and returned to father's home in the Beyond at that Christmas time. "Little Dottie" came running to meet me with, "Oh, come and see what you got, and all the rest !" She led me into the home, and there stood a large arch of beautiful yellow leaves which glistened like gold. Underneath was a chair, covered with rosebuds, with a motto, "Welcome, Adelaide, pure and sweet as the dew that falleth upon the open bud," made with a scarlet flower.

This was a great surprise to me, and sent a thrill of joy through my soul at this remembrance and loving token from those on this side of the river. The children said they did nearly all of it for me—dear loving ones ! Little Joe came and put his arms around my neck and said: "We are going to a nice place now and we will have a gay time; are you not glad you come over here just when you did?"

I cannot now describe all we saw, and will only tell you of one place we visited. We came to a deep valley with a path leading through the beautiful trees. A little brooklet trickled along over the stones and pebbles bright, and in the distance I could see a bright illumination of many colors. We could hear many voices laughing, singing and

talking. When we came nearer we saw a large level place covered with leaves, white as crystal; on the sides were high banks from which hung streamers and flags of glistening white. In the center of this beautiful place stood a lovely "Christmas tree" completely loaded with gifts of every description, making in all the most beautiful place imaginable.

We were constantly met by little children and older people who had a cheerful word to say, or a flower to give. There was music and singing by the hundreds here assembled, which was simply heavenly.

You in earth life cannot think how the singing here fills the soul with love divine. Each and every one appeared to receive a token of love from some source.

All gifts here have a personal application. Father received a banner upon which were two hands clasped together, meaning "Hand of Fellowship." I received a "staff upon which to lean in case of doubt." I only describe these two to give you a correct idea of the nature of the gifts. This entertainment frequently lasts for some time, friends coming from near and far to visit and become acquainted and welcome the stranger.

Here I passed my first Christmas in Heaven, and had you and baby been there my cup of happiness would have been full to the brim. Yes; welcome Christmas time, with loving thoughts for all!

ADELAIDE.

IV.

Adelaide's Home.

The time having come for me to commence my home I consulted father and was greatly pleased with his suggestion to build at the foot of Mountain Island. We decided on the rustic plan, so as to correspond with father's, which I think is very beautiful.

When you come down to the river's bank we will meet and lead you through a lovely valley, fringed with beautiful trees and a clear stream of water running along. On all sides are beautiful flowers and birds fill the air with their sweet songs. As we pass along the way you will soon come to our home, which is cosily nestled under the landscape at the foot of the Island near the river. It will remind you of the old song of "Love in a Cottage," for all the woodwork is completely covered with a climbing vine that throws out such a profusion of white flowers as to make it appear like a bower instead of a home. Inside are rooms for all of you.

Grandpa's Room looks out on the grounds, where he can sit and see a fountain of sparkling water and very many lovely flowers. The carpet of this room is forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley. The easy chair is made of evergreen wood. There is a collection of reading matter here that may surprise you. There is a little rocker of pure white and many playthings, claimed by your darling Edna, which are closely gathered by your chair. We have no use for doors, but there is an archway leading from your room to Libbie's and my room.

Mother Libbie's Room has for a carpet the primrose ; the first to bloom on earth. Her armchair is made of different colored grasses worked together. Little Edna gathered the grasses and we made the chair. Close by this chair is your darling Edna's willow rocker and a box of silk pieces from which she is making "a tidy for grandma's chair." She is working a little every day, making pretty things for "my grandma." This room is covered on the inside with scarlet flowers on one side, and white lilies, roses, tulips and phlox on the other. Edna found a pair of parrots and said grandma must have them and they are here with many other birds flying in and out your room fearlessly. If grandma could see how happy we are, she would not grieve so much, for she could see that her darling one has escaped all trouble, and left a world of care. She is not lost, but safely sheltered in our loving care.

Edna's Room opens into grandma's on one side and mamma's on the other. The carpet in her room is moss that has a white surface, making it look like silver frost. The sides of her room are covered with a vine that has white blossoms like a fuchsia with a pink center ; the flowers are so thick that you can scarcely see the vine. One little chair is here, like all the rest of hers, made of white willow. On one side of the archway leading into her room stands a pure white lily ; we name it "Purity." Here are many playthings, including a "blue dressed dollie and two others." Also a large box of "white pieces," and another of silk, "like mamma's." There is also in her room a little white table covered with pictures and books, but she likes none so well as the old ones at home that "Grandpa has looked over

with her so many times." When we return and do not see them, she inquires about them. Please do not put them out of sight. Over the entrance to her room is a letter E, that we trained that way and she thinks very much of it. She has added to her collection of pictures, one of grandpa and little brother; we had all the others before. This may appear strange to you, but when you go to have your pictures taken, we also go and have a card ready and your face comes on our card also.

Edna's Papa and Mamma's Room is a beautiful place to rest in. Papa's easy chair is made of weeping willow, twined together in a lovely way. He is likely to be the first to come and will find it a place of restfulness and happiness. Mamma's chair is made, or covered with different ribbons of all colors and is very beautiful. Edna said: "Mamma makes so many pretty things, but I guess she will like that." The carpet is of moss that we have gathered since Edna came. Here is a piano and music in abundance, also pictures, fancy work, children's playthings, books for papa and flowers in every nook and corner. Here papa will find all restful and quiet, and will have his every wish gratified. We think all of us will hail the glad day when we can say "we are all at home, never to part again."

Edward's Room has a carpet of fern shaped moss and flowers of all colors. The window is full of flowers and in the center of the window is a little fountain that throws up a beautiful spray, and in the basin are gold fish. Little birds fly into this basin and enjoy a morning bath. This room is lined on all sides with a vine that has a blue blos-

som. The chair is a grapevine that we have trained into perfect shape and then twined it up on one side of the room so that he will have plenty of grapes within reach and can help himself without leaving his chair. The bookcase is made of silver wood and is beautifully white ; foot rest of the same. Edna has one of her chairs here also, as she thinks "Uncle Ed. can't get along without me." Flowers, birds, fountain and all are in harmonious colors.

Our Ralph's Room.—This room has a vine on all sides like your fragrant sweet pea and is very beautiful and blossoms very profusely. The carpet a very beautiful green moss that harmonizes perfectly with all in the room. In the center of the room is a light colored moss mound with a little fountain in the center that throws up a spray of water, creating a delightful cool air and odor that is very restful and refreshing. There is a table at one side with books on it. Running up the table legs is a scarlet flowering vine. His armchair is covered with scarlet bark. There are several chairs in his room. There are many beautiful pictures and various fancy ornaments on the wall and other places. I have given my son a room in our home, for we wish him here as much as possible after he comes into the Beyond. Notwithstanding that he will make a home for himself and family after he does come, we will also have a place for him and them in the home nest.

The Family Room.—This is a general assembly room, large and comfortable, with an ivy vine covering the sides and entrances. This vine has no flowers; is simply a beautiful green. The floor is covered with the same beauti-

ful green moss, that has a flower like the morning glory. In the center of the room is a large table covered with a beautiful spread. On the table are books, baskets of fruit and grapes that were not gathered from Ed.'s chair. There are chairs for all of you, and foot rests, so that you can sit and look out and see the river and rest to your hearts content.

My Room.—This room has for a carpet the same beautiful moss that covers Ralph's and the family room. It has a strange running vine, trained on the sides ; first comes a fine white leaf, then a yellow, next a scarlet one and it is very beautiful, reminding me of autumn. In the center is a group of different flowers that grow thrifty and high. My easy chair is by the door leading to Kenyon's room, which brings Libbie, you and myself near each other. You see that I do not intend to be alone. There are three chairs here, one for each of us ; they have blue backs on a white. There is a foot rest for him and stools for us. Here are workbaskets, reading matter, pictures and many gems of artistic work that have been presented to me. On the sides of the room are vases with lilies white. You will not be obliged to go away from here for anything for a long time, as I can entertain and interest you for a long time, in relating the very many experiences I have met in this beautiful country of the Beyond.

The Grounds About Our Home are a beautiful green ; fountain, with a circle of flowers around them ; flower beds, in various places, full of beautiful blossoms that never fade ; and a rustic Summer house with a running vine completely covering it ; there are seats in it and a vase of

flowers that are Edna's especial care. At the river is a platform covered overhead with vines. The path leading to Edna's room has a border of fine lilies of the valley. The one to grandma's room is bordered with forget-me-nots. To papa Bert's room are primroses. To Ralph and Edward's, a bright scarlet flower. All the paths are of moss and bordered with flowers of various kinds.

We are continually adding something to our grounds and home, so that when you come there will be many other things for us to show and describe.

After reading my very poor description of the home we have here in the Beyond, do you wonder that so many are astonished and in doubt as to whether they are in earth or Heaven upon first coming into this beautiful country beyond the river?

ADELAIDE.

V.

Edna's Reception.

Our home was completed before Edna came to us. Her mother's cry of despair was heard by loving angels in the Beyond and I now come with the assurance that they are "ministering angels" to all who mourn for loved ones who have passed into this beautiful home of the soul. There are loving ones on this side waiting and watching to receive all of earth's children and make them happy in this life of loving care and beauty.

I saw the cloud hovering over your home and knew that nothing could prevent the sorrow that would so crushingly envelop you who had only this one little darling in the home-nest, and I remained closely by your side, imparting all the strength possible, so that you would not give up in despair, when the dreadful hour came.

Fear not, my dear one, all in earth life have guardian angels given unto them and it has ever been my pleasure to assume that loving care over you and yours.

When the time came for your darling to leave the earthly form, I received and carried her lovingly to our home in Heaven, where many little ones from Summer Valley were waiting her coming. They had known for some time that she would soon come and were anxious to greet her.

They had covered our home with perfect white blossoms; the path to the home was also covered with white flowers and my chair was covered with white satin, which fell to the mossy carpet. Over the entrance were the words,

"Angel Edna," made of flowers. Part way down the pathway they had erected a beautiful bell, composed of white and pink rosebuds, and at the bell were stationed four little ones, who dropped sprigs of tiny lilies of the valley upon her breast as I passed and then followed, singing "My precious one, come into our bower."

On entering the home I sat down in my chair and held her close to my bosom, and all waited for her to awake into consciousness. Very soon she opened her beautiful eyes, and looked quietly at me for a long time, then gazed at the group of twenty-five little ones surrounding her. They remained perfectly quiet. Soon she raised her eyes to my face once more, then put her hands up and covered her face. I kissed her and inquired if she would like to go to her grandma, grandpa, papa and mamma? If she did, I would take her to them, for I loved her and would be glad to go with her. I told her that she was so very sick that I had taken her away from home so she could get well again; that I had been by her all the time and would like to have her stay here in my home, if she would like to.

She made no reply to this, then I said, "Shall we take some of these pretty flowers to mamma and all the rest? I will put a lot of them in a basket, and you and I will go and show them to grandpa. Shall we, darling?" Then, as I feared, she burst out crying as though her heart would break, and said, "I want to go home."

Then I took her close to my bosom and she put her arms tight around my neck and thus we returned to her earth home and you who were so bowed down with grief at your great loss.

She appeared to feel that I was her friend and was never afraid of me. Oh, if I could have prevented the pang of homesickness the darling felt at that time, how happy would I have been !

When we returned, all was quiet in the home, and her little earthly form was laid away among the beautiful flowers to remain forever at rest.

As we entered the side door, our little rosebud spoke for the first time after the cry to go home, and said, "*There is grandpa.*" I put her down and she walked directly to grandpa and climbed into his lap and there nestled down for some time before saying anything, then said: "You didn't want me to stay away, did you?"

She knew she had been taken away from home in some way, and she was not happy among strangers. After sitting in grandpa's lap some time, she slipped down and went to grandma, and told her that "she saw whole lots of pretty flowers and lots of little girls, but she didn't want to stay." Then she went to mamma and told her that "she saw lots of pretty flowers, and lots of pretty girls, and lots of pretty things, and don't you want to see them?"

As none of you answered, she was surprised, for you had always been so glad to listen and talk with her. She wondered what had happened to all of you. She did not for a moment think that anything had happened to her, for she had on her plush waist and plaid skirt that she and grandpa liked so well. I told her that mamma and all of you were not feeling very well just now, which appeared to satisfy her, as she said, "Well, that is too bad; guess they will feel better pretty soon." Then she went to her

sick papa's bedside and laid her head lovingly down by his face and said: "You don't feel very well, do you, papa?" As he said nothing, she remarked, "Guess papa is gone to sleep."

I saw a cloud of disappointment coming over her face, and knew that I must in some way explain the change that had come to *her*, and took her in my arms and told her that she had been very sick; that I had taken her to my home where she would never be sick any more; that all of you were feeling so bad just now that you could not see her, but would be very glad to know that she was well again and happy. She did not understand this, as she was only four years old, but appeared to think it must be some such way or I would not have told her so. She had so much confidence in me from the first that my whole soul went out to her.

It took time for her to understand that *she* had changed, and frequently said, "Mamma Adelaide, I am not changed at all, only I am well now, and don't cough any more." And so I allowed her to think that *you* had changed, or were feeling badly about something, but assured her that you would feel better and be happy pretty soon. "Pretty soon" is a charming way she has of getting around things she cannot understand—"Well, it will be all right pretty soon," and passes on.

Edna is never unhappy in my home here in the Beyond, but does not want to remain away from "my home," as she terms your earth home, and I am also very happy in the same earth home, therefore we spend very much of our time there.

All children are not so strongly attached to the earth home as she is, but all, like her, long to see their mamma and loved ones, and would be perfectly miserable if they could not return and nestle close up to the dear ones as before the change that carries them into this new life in the Beyond.

It was well that you allowed all her playthings to remain as they were when she passed away, for she always looks for them and is happy among them. It is a great mistake to put everything out of sight, for then the home is so changed that the little ones are doubly grieved and sorrowful. They wonder why you do not notice them, and are also grieved because all their toys have gone, both making the dear little angels often weep at the wonderful change that has come over the home.

We gradually lead them to understand that they have become angels; that we on this side are spirits and you are mortals; that some time you will get sick and come to our home as she did; that then you will not feel bad any more; and then you will always remain with them here in this home in the Summer Land. We always teach them that they can return to the earth home and carry these lovely flowers and have nice, happy times there.

Never, in the past nor in the future, will loved ones be taken to punish you for wrong doing. No, never. They leave earth life from lack of strength and health to battle with the vicissitudes of earth life and are transplanted in a more genial and beautiful clime of eternal life. Our Savior has given us a love for our own and here we do not aspire to higher conditions until all our loved ones are

once more together. We live for them here in Heaven as below: by loving and protecting our own we are fulfilling and carrying out His command.

Edna is ever with me, and when you come to this shore the very first to meet and greet you will be your darling child and myself. Then we will lead you to more beautiful scenes and to a more beautiful home than you can imagine. Mortal eye hath not seen the wonderful beauties of the Beyond. Have no fear for the happiness and well being of your darling little rosebud. She will ever have the loving care of the angels who will bring her to you very often. We will come to you with loving influences and words of comfort to cheer as you pass from duty to duty in earth life, and when your work is done, you will receive a rich reward in your heavenly home with us.

Do not let thoughts of discontent spring into life to trouble thee. Your soul should live content in all its brightness. Do not let your life on earth be one of longing, but know that your "Little Rosebud" and your loved ones will lead and be your guide everywhere. You have the knowledge that we live. The ones you hold so dear are here. We come to make a Heaven of your life as on you sweep with the tide. We will steer your bark with love divine and set the helm to reach that shore where all your earthly woes and troubles will cease, where love and rest will greet you evermore.

When the call is given for you to come, you will review the past and find the blots in the book of time forever erased by the many good deeds you have done. Then it will be our joy to know we have you safe home at last;

to have my dear one in my arms once more and feel the fond embrace. Our souls will then view our virtues face to face.

The world is dark and you cannot see the gleam of light that is shining there, but oh, how brightly it beams to light and lead you to a brighter sphere! Yes, darling, greet us; we are here. Let all the love your soul has known spring into action at the thought that I am here, all your own; and close beside me stands always your darling child Edna.

Yes, let dread winter's tempests wail and roar; you need not dread the dismal sound. Let your heart sing with joy, full of love, in knowing that we are ever with you. Let this blessed day be as a ray of light to guide you, for know when sorrow bears you down, that sunshine quickly follows after gloom and drives the clouds far away. Look up, my love, and catch the gleam of sunlight as it casts its glow into your soul with purest beam to light you, as on the way you go. We will assist and guide you through the journey of earthly care. We will be the light to lead you on and share your sorrows everywhere. Oh yes! we will know each other then, with love yet stronger grown and our happiness complete at last.

Lovingly yours,

ADELAIDE.

VI.

Henry's Letter.

MY DEAR WIFE AND DAUGHTER : I write you at this, the first time I have had since coming into this beautiful country, to send you the glad tidings that I am not dead nor sleeping, that surely it is not all of death to die ; and I want you to realize that I still live and retain all the love and affection for you that had so many years of earth life to mature.

We do not forget or change for the worse on coming here, and when the time arrives for you to lay down the mortal and put on the garments of immortality I will meet you at the river with outstretched arms and welcome you to our beautiful home in Heaven. There are many mansions here and I have come to prepare one for you, where you shall ever be at rest and live in happiness.

I realize the fact that you have missed me very much and have wondered how I found the new life and what conditions surrounded me. I was very glad to accept Father Kenyon's invitation to come here and write, hoping to satisfy you that I am not dead, so that the cloud of sorrow may roll from your soul.

Now I will relate my experiences in the early dawn of the new life to me in this country, after the "Resurrection Day" that not only came to me, but will come to all when they lay down the mortal and put on the robes of immortal life.

The last I remember after the accident, was a sinking sensation, different from fainting, and I was then lost to

pain. How long I remained in this condition I do not know, but the first remembrance after that was when I stood just where the accident happened and was walking up to the house, where I met you crying. I inquired what the trouble was and was surprised that you did not answer. I then passed into the house and there saw my own self lying on the bed *dead*. Then I thought I was crazy. I tried to tell you that I was there and all right, but could not make you understand that I was talking to you. In my anxiety to do so I became partially unconscious and felt myself lifted away or carried to some place. I could not see clearly nor tell where I was being carried, and finally became lost in unconciousness or sleep.

I do not know how long I remained in this condition, but finally opened my eyes just as though waking out of a natural sleep, and found myself in the most beautiful place imaginable. All was very green ; nothing decayed ; trees, flowers and birds, lovely and in great profusion. At my side was a stream of the clearest water I ever saw, but I was all alone and wondered where in the world I was. I rather thought it was a dream.

While wondering about things here and where I was, music came floating from the distance and I soon heard "Nearer My God to Thee," and the persons singing came within my vision but passed by, apparently not seeing me. Such singing I never heard before.

I called, but could not make them hear nor did any one come, and I became restless and uneasy. Very soon I saw a lady coming with a bevy of little children. They had their arms full of flowers. The leader had a wreath, and as

she came up, placed it upon my head and all the children sang sweetly. A calm came over me and I then saw that the lady was my mother. She took me to her and the little ones covered me with flowers.

Mother told me all that had happened and where I was, but I could not realize that I had really passed away from earth and the ones I loved so dearly. I soon became satisfied of the fact, however.

Mother has taught me the way to come to you and I am very often near you. The greatest drawback I have is that when I want to tell you something I cannot make you hear me. I suppose it must be all right, yet I do not like it very well. I am assured that until I become more reconciled, I cannot see things as they really are and I am learning something every day, or rather all the time. We do not have the same day and night that you do.

If this is Heaven, it is not just the place I expected to find, for this is so much like things on earth. At any rate, it is not the kind of Heaven we have been educated to expect. But I am satisfied with this.

Mother inquired if I would like to go with her to her home. This was a surprise and I asked if she had a home on purpose for herself, for I did not know as they built houses here, to which she replied : "Why, Henry, have you forgotten that in Heaven there are many mansions?"

"No ; I do not know as I have. Still, I never looked at it in this way. Of course it is all right, but it looks queer to me. No ; I would prefer to go back to my wife if I could, or is that all done away with, now that I am here, fully out of earthly conditions?"

“Oh no ; you can return as often as you wish, but I would like to have you wait a little while before attempting to do so.” “No ; I would rather not wait.” She concluded to go with me, as she thought I could not find you if I went alone, and that was another thing I did not understand. I wondered why I could not travel as well as the next one ; and told her so.

I was informed that the mode of traveling or movement here, was done by using the will-force and that all have to learn how. Mother said I must fix my mind upon my wife ; think of nothing else and that would take me to you, unless I became bewildered at passing objects, which would likely be the result, as I would fear falling. In that case I would remain where I was at the time, or might pass down to the place I was afraid of.

The only way to reach our destination was to have full faith and confidence that we will reach it and also have firmness sufficient to overcome any and all the conditions we would meet on the way ; much of this is gained by practice. I thought she knew what she was talking about and I had as yet no experience or practice in the matter, therefore was thankful to find my mother by my side to help me.

We clasped hands and mother said, “I think we are strong enough to overcome any disturbing forces we will meet and will soon be among your friends on earth.” We began to move ; did not walk : it was more like being lifted than anything else ; then felt a sinking sensation. Then I was afraid and she knew it without my telling her and told me to overcome all fear or I would fail. I did

the best I could. Soon we came to a standstill and a queer sight met my gaze. The cloud that had surrounded us cleared away and we were in the road in front of the house where you were.

I wondered how mother knew where we were and where to stop, for I could not see anything up to this time since starting, except clouds. She said that she could see better than I could as yet, and our will-force or minds were fixed upon that particular place of stopping. "Oh, yes ; it was so simple when once understood," and mother laughed so much like herself that I laughed also.

We walked into the house, through the kitchen into the front room and found you and Linda talking about me. You were very down hearted and Linda was reasoning with you like a woman of sixty years. I went to your side and patted you on the head and told you that I never felt so well and strong in my life as then ; that I was not dead : could see no change in myself, except that I was perfectly well, strong, straight and not tired any more : to all of which I received no reply.

Then I inquired of Mother why you could not see me, for I was no "spirit" or "ghost" ; that I appeared to be as solid as ever in my life. Mother smiled and said : "My son, if you are not a spirit, what are you ?"

Well, I knew that I was not in the physical condition that I had been in, yet I knew all that had taken place : knew that the old body had been buried. Still, I was *not dead* and looked to be the same kind of flesh and bones as ever. She told me not to attempt to understand everything at once. Said that my wife could not see me with the

natural eyes, but that some time I could place my hand on her head and she would realize that I was there and had done so.

I found that there was no use in my attempting to understand it all yet, for there was so much that was unlike the ideas I had formed of the life in the Beyond. I did not like it very much, for I wondered how I could be of any service to you, if I could not make you hear me talk. I sat down and looked at you a long time; then started to go out to the barn. As I came to the door it opened, and father came in and inquired how all were at home. I was so surprised that I could no more speak than a wooden man. Finally, I did inquire where he came from. He said: "Not very far from the same place you did," and we passed out to the barn and looked things over together. I said to him, while there, that for one that was *dead* I was in a mighty funny fix. He laughed and assured me that everything was just as it should be; that *we* are the ones that are not right. He said: "Many things will look very strange to you for some time, because we were not aware that the Beyond is such a place as we find it to be. In other words, we will have to learn over again what we blundered over when in earth life. Many things will puzzle you and the lesson will have to be correctly learned now. Still, it is very simple, if we place ourselves in the right condition to receive instruction from those who are experienced in heavenly wisdom. You will find that I am right now, if I did make mistakes in my earth work."

I admitted that as he had been here so long, he probably did know what he was talking about and am sure he did.

Mother came to meet us and thought we had better return to our home in the Beyond, to which I objected, for I wanted to remain with you. It may seem strange to you, but the fact was that I could not realize that I was a spirit, for I was so real in every way. We remained with you for some time, but I finally became convinced that the great change had taken place, and I cannot say that I was very happy about it, for some time.

It was a great relief to feel rested and know that I would never be troubled with sickness any more, nor have to contend with the petty annoyances that are to be met in earth life. That was very pleasing.

I often found myself on the road to the house to ask you something, or tell you something, before thinking that you could not see or hear me, and that made me realize that now you were alone and would have to care for yourself and Linda the remaining years of earth life. This was to me at first gloomy and disappointing, but as time passed on I saw that you could take about as good care of yourself as I could of you, and it was a relief to learn that you could do so, and also that you realized the truth of spirit return, for then I was more contented with my condition and more ready to return to father's home in the Beyond.

One bright morning I took hold of father's and mother's hand and was ready to go to their home in Heaven. The same vapor surrounded me as when I passed away before. I was aware of moving, but could not see anything we were passing. Just before arriving at their home a red light covered us, the vapor cleared

away and I found that we were in a place that cannot be perfectly described. You will have to wait until you see it before you will be able to understand its beauties fully. Such flowers! Such music! My first thought was, where did all the flowers come from? We had arrived at the home that has been described to you by father.

Four little children came to meet us. One had a wreath, one a basket of flowers, one had her arms full of flowers, and the other had a cross of flowers. Two little ones dropped flowers in the path as we passed up to the home. The others placed the wreath on my head and gave me the basket and cross to carry. Others were there and sang: "Welcome, dear Uncle Henry." That caused tears of joy to roll down my cheeks. Such a greeting, for one who had worked all his life in vain, as he had supposed!

The many disappointments I had met in earth life were washed away with this unlooked for welcome into the Beyond, and I was overcome with joy. We passed into the home and I was seated in a beautiful chair and there rested and drank in the atmosphere of this wonderful place of beauty. While sitting here some one came up behind the chair and put hands before my eyes. I was taken by surprise, for I was not expecting anything of that kind in Heaven. Soon my eyes were uncovered and my sister Libbie stood before me, as real as life. We visited and talked a long time, she frequently laughing at my thoughts as to how I expected to find the life and surroundings in Heaven.

We were invited out "to tea." Yes; this will sound

just as strange to you as it did to me, but we were, just the same, and started to go there. I was like a little child, ready to go any place and try and be ready for anything to happen now.

We came near another home, and father said: "I have a friend here and we will stop a few minutes." This was a beautiful home, but wholly unlike father's. We walked in and there in the center of the room stood my sister Susan, smiling. She came forward and welcomed me to "her home." I was full of emotion, and will admit that I cried like a child at the wonderful and unexpected surprises I had met thus far in my stay in the life here in the Beyond.

That "tea supper" was a wonder to me. Here I was, as they said, in Heaven and enjoying all the things that go to make you in earth life happy when you are hungry and thirsty for tea. This looked so much to me like times I had enjoyed in days gone by, that I almost thought I was crazy, as I before thought, when standing beside the bed looking at my old dead body after the accident. But *all this is true*; and why not? If we live and have such real bodies here, it would seem rather necessary to get sustenance from some source. Don't you think so?

There is no day and night here as with you, yet there is a difference in the light, or brightness at times. The light is shining always. If we return to you in the dark portion of the light, we find that it is night on earth, therefore we may not always state time correctly to you.

I passed my time for months visiting different places in company with our loved ones here, and all looks so much

like earth life that it is impossible for me to feel at all like a dead person yet ; and I am assured that *no one dies*.

Here we can have everything we want, if we are worthy and live the *right*.

We go to any place, provided we have the will-power to get there.

Father informs me that if I were to sit in idleness all my time, not doing any good nor being of use to any one, I would remain in just the same condition I was in upon first entering the life in the Beyond ; that we must enter a life of usefulness here, to be much of anybody, as is the case in earth life. Yet, it is not laborious work here, as with you.

If we aspire to something we do not know how to accomplish, there are those ever ready to help us onward and upward and it does not take a lifetime to learn it, nor a cent of money. This comes very acceptable to me, as I worked all my life on earth for what money only would secure.

Here we do not have to get up at five o'clock in the morning and work till eleven o'clock at night, and go to bed tired and discouraged. Oh, no ; none of that here.

On coming here I felt that it would be glorious to be free from work and care, that I would never want to work any more. But as I became rested I was uneasy and took a long ramble with father, going to many places and was surprised to find cities, stores and business carried on as in earth life.

They do not manage business here on a money basis, for everything is governed by character and a foundation of good endeavor, true heart and right conduct. All having these qualifications obtain grand results and receive any-

thing they want in any business place. If we are not worthy, we are so informed and kindly instructed what to do. We then leave, with a blessing and the hope to see us again and be able to grant our request. Deception does not work well here. Every one is taken for actual worth and valued from the standpoint of "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

After this journey was ended, we returned to father's home. I have visited various homes of friends and loved ones, have met Adelaide and Edna and frequently been at their home. The little darling Edna is very bright and happy. Adelaide is an angel of peace, administering to all who are in trouble and worshipped by all who know her.

My dear wife, let me say this to you : live as contentedly as possible the few remaining years left you in earth life. Take good care of our child Linda and all will be well with you here. Be assured that I am with you very often and will be the first to meet you when the time comes for you to cross the river called death, and will lead you to a home made ready for you in this world where there are beautiful mountains, trees, rivers, flowers, birds and loving friends who are waiting patiently for your earth work to be completed so that they may welcome you to the joys of eternal life in the Beyond, where there will never be any more parting in sorrow and tears.

Affectionately, your husband,

HENRY B. KENYON, JR.

VII.

Herbert's Letter to His Wife in St. Paul.

Yes, my dear one, I fully understand that you are anxious to know how I found friends and conditions on this side the river. I know that you are anxiously waiting to know if I found everything as our loved ones so often described the Summer Land to be, and though I have not been here long enough to give you a very full description of the happiness and loving kindness brought to me by the dear ones who took so much interest in my sickness and suffering while in earth life, I hope to satisfy you that all they said to us was true, and assure you that the reality of the life on this shore is vastly more grand and beautiful than the brightest description they have ever given us. They say that were we to tell the whole story truthfully to mortals of the wonderful beauties of the world beyond the river, it would be a source of misunderstanding, and would not be believed, because there is nothing in earth life equal to it; therefore they come with no more than you can receive and understand. Thus it is, that let us come here fully prepared, as we think, to find beauty and loveliness complete, we are greatly and happily surprised.

This writing to you from this side of the river is like being away in some place in the sunny south, where I am having a grand time every minute. Still, there is no place in the south to compare with this. You will never fully understand very much of the loveliness of this world until you come into the new life. I miss you, notwithstanding I have so much that is so nice and am surrounded by so

much that is beautiful. Do not worry; keep cheerful and look ahead to the grand time when we will not have to part again.

I can hardly believe yet that I have passed through the change called death, because it was so quiet and easy. Before I passed into the gentle sleep which bore me away from suffering in earth life to my loved ones in this new life, I was filled with new strength and new brightness that enabled me to laugh with you. I was so completely free from pain or illness that I felt competent to do almost anything, and was confident that I would remain with you until the following morning. I thought that would be my time for leaving you, and so did not resist the inclination to sleep that was creeping upon me. The last I remember was reaching for water and drinking, then said to myself, "Wish I could always feel as well as I do now."

Upon awaking, I felt myself floating—appeared more like a dream of flying—soon could feel arms about me, and the mist before my eyes cleared away, and saw that I was being carried to some place. I did not fully realize that I was really being carried to another place or that I had met with any change. This truth came to me more like a dream than anything else. I was like one half asleep and saw things dimly, and remained so until the friends who were carrying me placed me under a large tree, with a pillow under my head. Then I looked around and soon came to myself more fully. The dreamy condition passed away while I was resting under that tree and I was then aware of the fact that some change had come to me, but did not think the great change had come; for I had not

suffered any since becoming so sleepy, and I did not think the soul could be freed from its earthly house without much suffering.

You cannot imagine my surprise and joy while resting here to have our darling Edna come to me and put her arms lovingly around my neck and shower kisses upon my face and lips. As yet she was the only one I could see, and she was like a little bird, so perfectly wild with joy at my being at last with her. I soon found that others of our loved ones were there also and were waiting so that our darling could be, as she so often told us that she would be, the very first one to meet and greet me upon coming to the Summer Land. Here I appeared to remain for some time, resting and gaining strength and soon could see clearly some little way in the distance, yet beyond a short distance all was a downy pink vapor, hiding all beyond.

Little Edna said : " Papa, you have now really come to stay, and I am very glad. Look : here is Mamma Adelaide; she has been with you all the time." I turned my head and sure enough, there stood our dear noble Adelaide who has so unceasingly been with us. I knew her from the resemblance to father's picture of her, but she is very much more beautiful. She raised my head upon her arm and looking me in the face, said : " My dear boy, we are so glad you are at last free and at rest."

The dreamy condition had not fully passed away and I did not quite understand how I had come to them, but began to feel that I was now one of them. Still I did not feel quite wide awake enough to be certain of it and said to her that something appeared to have taken place.

"Yes; you are now what we call a 'spirit;' you have solved the great *mystery; you are born again.*"

Well, so far, I enjoy being born again and told her so. I cannot describe my feelings any better than to assure you that I am entirely free from pain, illness or dragging conditions of any nature; though weak, could move without effort of a bodily nature or weariness. True, I could not go far at first without assistance; earthly conditions seem to cling to me as yet. When I started to walk, little Edna took my hand, Adelaide encircled her arm around me and this was the first that fully appeared strange to me, for I moved without using my limbs at all; simply glided along softly and easily. I could walk the old way if I wanted to, but it was more of an effort and so I floated with them. I spoke about this peculiar way of going and Edna said :

"Well, papa, you ain't flying, cause you haven't got any wings. We all go so. Ain't it nice? Beats walking all to pieces."

I wondered where we were going to and Adelaide said : "We will soon stop so you can rest." I noticed that we passed through different currents of air quite often, which gave me more and more strength and Adelaide assured me that I was gradually passing away from earth conditions. Finally we came to a little gem of a spot and rested. Here was a little brooklet, with grass and flowers very bright, abundant, and beautiful. I gathered some flowers and the perfume was divine. I had no questions to ask here, for I was perfectly at ease and contented with our darling little Edna, who was talking to me all the time. If I had

been cast into a place of darkness, her presence alone would have made me happy, for she is angelic in purity and loveliness. I cannot realize that such a child could have ever been of earth, earthly.

With all the beauty and the great restful influence which filled me through and through, I did not feel called upon to make any remarks or raise any questions. *To be here* was all I could comprehend for some time. And here we rested in this beautiful spot, so that I could gain strength. There was no noise here save the singing of the birds and trickling of the water. Little Edna filled my lap with flowers, telling me the name of each kind, and finally said: 'Papa, there comes some one you will be very glad to see, and he will be very happy to meet you. Look, way down that path, can you see any one?'

I looked and sure enough saw a man of medium height coming; he wore a suit of black with a high "choker" or cravat about his neck. He came with a quick, elastic tread, and I knew at once that this was grandpa Kenyon and went down the path to meet him. He took both of my hands in his and looked into my face for several minutes before he said a word, then exclaimed:

"Thank God! you are home, my boy; I am more glad than words can express. I knew you were very near here and was with you until you went to sleep, then left you in the care of Adelaide and others dear to you, while I hastened to shout the glad tidings to the many who are waiting to see you at the earliest moment possible. As soon as your strength will allow, they will greet you."

He put an arm around me and led me to the spot where

Adelaide and Edna were, and we became seated also. I told him that I did not think I was coming quite so quick as I did.

"We knew it, and were ready for the change. It did seem very slow to us and very painful for you and Addie, but now you are safe over it and will gradually gain strength which will be lasting. There is no losing ground here; you will get well here. This climate will work a perfect cure. It will take a little time, but will be sure."

I assured him that I appeared to be getting stronger all over alike and it does seem good to be free from pain. Yes; many of your experiences here will be enjoyable. I wanted to know how long I had been in this spot, and they said only a few hours; that now it was about the morning hour at your earth home.

I was anxious to return and try to help you in this time of sorrow; to leave you in this way was harder to endure than the pain from disease, and the separation is unpleasant to think of yet. I was assured that our friend "White Locks" was with you from this side, and would support and carry you through all your grief and sorrow and remain until I was stronger and able to assist you. Then I sat down again and prayed for strength so that I could soon be by your side and help hold aside the cloud of sorrow that had finally closed in and around you.

Little Edna was perfectly wild in her delight and appeared possessed with the idea of keeping my thoughts from the scene of sorrow that filled the home. She flew from one thing to another, kissing and fondling me in her great joy and strength that she has found in the new life. Now her strength is equal to her every wish, which fills

me with gladness. She has grown faster since she came here than at any time in earth life and is truly an angel of light to all who see her.

While enjoying the perfect restfulness of this lovely spot, with Adelaide and Father Kenyon, also delighted with the unbounded happiness of our darling Edna, I thought I could hear some one singing in the far off distance. I could just hear, but though faint, it was distinct, clear, and very sweet, and gradually came nearer until little forms and bright faces came in view. They appeared to come from the clouds and came skipping toward us, all keeping perfect time to the song they were singing, often passing by and around each other in all manner of shapes. All had a profusion of flowers which they scattered as they came along the way. When they came near, Edna joined in the song and went to meet them and, taking one of them by the hand, she also joined in the dance. I never saw anything so perfectly angelic as that was.

As they came to me, Edna said : " Papa, these little girls are my playmates ; ain't you glad they came ? " Before I could reply they commenced to sing. I closed my eyes in sleep to pass into sweet dreamland where the loving angels keep the Rosebud lost in spring time ; softly the breezes wafted my light canoe across the silver waters, until the echo from distant land passed away, and left in mortal keeping : gently we glided over waters clear, until the spiritual Heaven flooded the way with a brilliant light which told me my voyage was ended, that I with others was now at home, forever home, in the Spiritual Kingdom.

All these little buds came forward and kissed me, then dropping flowers over me said : "Good by, now, but we will come to you again." You cannot imagine how very beautiful it was and how I appeared to drink all this beauty in and live it ; these experiences come to us so differently and affect us more than anything in earth life. I was completely filled with perfect love for all these children. No thought came in to mar this happiness and love. They appeared to completely wrap me in their loving influence and I was perfectly content and felt to grow stronger every moment they were with me. I felt as though I was again a child and inclined to get up and dance also.

After they passed out of my sight, much of the mist or vapor cleared away from my vision and I could see more distinctly and further away, and I gradually became accustomed to the bright light that was surrounding me. It was to me like stepping out of dense darkness into a bright light, and was more than my poor weak eyes could stand. In some respects I felt like an infant. I was almost as helpless at this time from weakness and could not go far, for I did not know how to use the strength I had, but did and could do as they told me. It is easy after knowing how.

You know that for years I suffered very much in my head and would now frequently feel, to find out if that head was on my shoulders yet, for I was so perfectly free from pain and so comfortable that it was difficult to realize that it was the same old head, for now it was clear as a bell.

While Adelaide and Father Kenyon were talking with

me, I saw a young lady coming rapidly toward me and knew at once that it was my sister Mary. From another direction came sister Rhoda. They met before they came to me, joined hands and came together, each bringing a wreath of white lilies. As I stepped forward to meet them their joy was unbounded and they placed one wreath on my head and gave the other into my hand and led me back to Adelaide and Father Kenyon. My sisters were young when they passed into the new life, but I felt as though I had always known them. There is something that appears to tell me who every one I meet is. You remember that I never saw these sisters and to recognize them in this way and to feel so happily at home with them is glorious. As yet I have not required an introduction, except to the group of Edna's playmates.

Father Kenyon states that I will not see all my friends on this side at once, for I am not strong enough to enjoy the meeting as they wish me to and I am quite satisfied to accept the meeting and greeting as they have apparently arranged it. They appear to plan everything here so as to get the greatest happiness out of all they do for me.

Adelaide suggested that we now go to her home. This was just the most agreeable thing she could have thought of, except returning to you. She took one of my hands and darling Edna the other ; Father Kenyon led the way and my sisters followed behind, all however keeping very close to me so that I could receive strength from them.

All along the path we were passing were flowers in great profusion and perfectness, grass as green as anything you can imagine, in fact a very brilliant green. We passed

through a massive forest where the trees were very high and perfect in shape, with foliage so beautiful that I just had to stop and look at them ; the limbs came together and formed arches over our heads with the most beautiful foliage I ever saw. There can be nothing in earth life to compare.

Little Edna said : " Papa, never mind ; you got lots of time to see everything. I want to show you our home and all my pretty things."

Then I took her hand again and passed along ; we passed by Father Kenyon's beautiful home which is as real as can be. The stoop was full of people, and when we came in view, they sang a sweet song. Father waved his hand while Adelaide and myself bowed our heads. I felt like stopping here but Edna was so anxious for me to visit her home " the very first of all," that we passed along and soon came to a bridge over the stream of water that separates Adelaide's home from father's. Darling Edna calls it her home. As we wound around the Island we came upon the most charming spot that is possible to describe, and there, nestled and entirely covered with white blossoms like apple blossoms, was

OUR HOME OVER THE RIVER.

We passed up the wide walk which passes near the fountain into the home, direct to our room, where they seated me in the grand chair of willow that was prepared as a place of rest where I could gain strength. Little Edna hastened to bring me some grapes, as she remembered that I was very fond of them. Here I sat and

enjoyed the wonderful rest that appeared to envelop everything. This was to me like returning home after years abroad and I was as happy as I could be to get back where every one was glad, all trying to do something in their quiet way to add to my comfort. I wish I could explain to you the wonderful effect and restful influence that came to me here at this time.

I passed all through the house and it is like a little bird's nest. Ed's room is a perfect gem and so are all of them. I will not describe them, as Adelaide has already done so as near as can be, but you must see them to know their loveliness, and *you* would also have to be a "spirit" to comprehend it all. Were it possible for you to come here in the mortal form, you would not be able to comprehend its beauty, for all coarser elements which sustain us physically when in earth life must vanish and spiritual life step in their place. We would be out of place here with our old worn out bodies. I am glad that I am free from mine. My spiritual body differs in some respects from the physical one, but is real.

Although I am very far from being strong now, I am free from pain and weariness, but cannot yet move quickly nor at long distances unless with some particular persons. I gain strength from persons as well as from surroundings and can move quicker with one person than another. I can move easily, but would not make out much if left to myself for some time yet. My flesh feels to me just the same and as real as in earth life and I look the same except being free from the sick cast upon my countenance. I am just as thin as before passing over, but can

breathe clear down to the bottom of my lungs, which gives me very great satisfaction, because it has been a long time since I could breath fully. I am assured that I will soon commence to gain and reach more than my usual mortal size. The atmosphere is stimulating, every breath fills the old parts held inactive by disease in earth life with new life and strength, creating a perfect part of the diseased when in earth life ; and it don't cost a cent.

After feeling considerably strengthened and rested I told Adelaide that I would like very much to return to the earth home and my loved ones and try and be of some comfort to my dear wife if possible. She called "Wild Flower," and in she came skipping, first on one foot and then on the other, her dress caught up and full of flowers, which she tumbled into my lap, for which she received my thanks. She said :

"You are quite spruce for a new born spirit, almost as good as any of us, ain't you? Well, I am awful glad you have come and we will have a fine time all the while now that you have come. I have been here nearly all my life and know every pretty place there is very near here, and you will be glad to see them all. You will feel free from all the old pains and weaknesses, and *just that* will be as much as you will want to enjoy for some time. We don't have any such troubles here."

I assured Wild Flower that I had known for some time that I was coming, and was very glad now that I had and also that I was very much pleased to see her and find her as I always thought, happy and cheerful. She said I would not look so transparent very long, for I had come to stay,

and would pick up very soon. She was so delighted that she could not keep in any one place for five minutes at a time. I told her I was going to my earth home now and she wanted to accompany us, and we were glad to have her because we knew you love her very much.

Father Kenyon and all of us returned to you. I cannot find words to explain to you the wonderful beauty of the many places we passed on our way. Edna and myself clasped hands and stood close to each other, and the other loved ones formed a circle around us. There was no effort on my part. I simply glided along with them. I could only see a short distance away and noticed as we were moving great differences in the vapor-like clouds that encircled us as we journeyed along. They lost brilliancy and finally became of a dull gray and bluish white and I soon saw myself up in the air directly over our home on earth. We descended without fear of falling and walked into the home. I then realized fully what had taken place. How strange it did seem to me ! There you and all the family were grieving for me and I was there, more alive than I had been for years. I knew that you could not see me, so did not have that disappointment to pass through.

I embraced you for a long time and our darling Edna said it was too bad that mamma could not see us. I knew you would be brave and strong at this hour of suffering and separation, for some of our noble band were constantly by your side to give you strength ; but I knew your heroism and was proud of you, for I knew that outward emotion did not at all explain the terrible grasp that this time and hour of separation had upon your soul. I heard your

prayer to be allowed to come also. No, my dear brave noble wife, your earth work is not completed. We have very much for you to do in earth life and are doing all that is possible for loved ones on this side to do, to sustain you. This you fully understand, and you also know that I would come to you as soon as possible for me to do so, and I did. With my arms around you, we passed with you into the room where my poor old body, worn and useless was lying, and I did not feel reluctant to leave it. It was to me then like a suit of clothing past repairing and of no further use. I had no feeling of sadness as I gazed upon it and said : "Well, the old shell stood the battle wonderfully well, and is now taken care of by loving hands who bore, nursed and sheltered me all these years. Now I will do my remaining part for them."

Then we passed into the room where my mother was and centered our whole strength upon her for she was completely broken hearted. Dear soul, she is fast approaching the river of life where all partings and grief are over.

Again your grief carried you into the room where the old form lay, and we succeeded in making you hear our words, "*It is all right.*" You then realized that we were with you, and it was the voice of loved ones on this side you heard, assuring you "that all was well with the one who loved you more than all else."

It was not possible for me to remain long, and from necessity I returned to the dear ones and restful home on this side, where some of our messengers brought me frequent news from you until after the last offices of returning the body to mother earth were completed. I did not

realize that I had so many friends in earth life, and I was deeply sorry that I could not thank them for their kindness to me and my loved ones at this time when sympathy is of more value than gold.

The first time you went to the cemetery after my body was laid away, I was with you and could not realize that it was my old body that laid there beside our dear Edna's form; in fact the grave does not cause us much thought, for we look at life in a new light after coming to this side, and are more apt to think that life has just commenced instead of being ended, as is so often the case when viewed from the earth side standpoint. After remaining with you as long as possible at this time, giving you all the strength we could possibly bring you, we again returned to our home in heaven to gain more strength for future visits to you.

On our return to this side of the river at this time, I was surprised to find our home surrounded with people. Father and Adelaide saw my surprise and informed me that these were our band and new friends, and sure enough every one I had ever been well acquainted with and had passed on before were there, and we did have a grand time. I never enjoyed any greeting of friends as this one. Instead of talking and tiring me in the effort to answer them, there was singing, recitations, children dancing and representing flowers in the way they would group themselves together. At this time the children were dressed in different colored dresses, enabling them to represent the various flowers they wanted to. The first flower represented was a pansy, and it was wonderfully done and *perfectly beautiful*.

Father Kenyon, Adelaide, Edna, myself, my sisters and

Wildflower sat in a row, and at the close of this reception each came and dropped a pansy in our laps. Other flowers were represented, and we were each time presented with one at the end of the ceremony. Nothing except actually viewing this scene can give you any correct idea of the glorious enjoyment there is in such loving demonstrations. I wish you could have been here to hear the music, then you would realize to the fullest and know what music is. After representing various kinds of flowers, they formed in some way to represent a bell perfectly. This was done a little way from us and was perfectly grand. Then Libby recited the following: "Welcome home, my dear friend, welcome to the Summer Land, where I, with others, have been waiting to receive you home. Every blade of grass so green, every flower blooming sweet, have their place in making your life complete. The little brook close by your side will soon fill you with great delight. When you are rested from the long waiting and are rested in our care, you will enter into all our pastimes and truly feel yourself young again. The cap of mental manhood was left in the past for one more fitting your spirit in the new life that will forever last. With fresh vigor and strength returning, filling you with buoyant activity, you will say with gladsome smile, I am truly now a child. How glad I am to greet you thus, and how happy to take you by the hand! The passing o'er does not take long when once you open wide the door, for you simply close your eyes and glide away, to awaken upon the brighter shore.

"How sweet to know that we do not die, and be for ages left in the tomb to wait until the trumpet calls for us to

come up and be off. My friend, the trumpet rings out clear and loud, far and wide, *now* calling home across the tide, one by one, from all over the wide world. How sweet to find so many loved ones on this side the shore waiting to welcome you to the immediate happiness awaiting you when the trumpet called for you to lay down the old and be clothed in the new. How grand it is that your darling child Edna could be the first to meet and greet you here. How thankful you must be to realize the truth that has so often been sent you from this shore, that your darling one has been safely sheltered in the arms of our Adelaide, where no harm could find her. Yes! Welcome home is the glad song of all your dear ones in the Summer Land."

My dear wife, this life, so far, has been very real to me, and I feel to-day that I am living more fully than when in the old form. I had no fears about coming to this world, but did worry about leaving you without knowing how it would be with you in coming years. You must be brave and do the best you can ; there is always some way of living, and you will always find the right and will have many friends there and here to encourage you.

Darling, never feel that you are alone, for I am with you more than any other place. Kiss darling Howard for papa, and teach him all about me. I will write you often, and help you day by day, so that the light ahead may lead you out of darkness and doubt. Fear not, my brave wife, loving ones will ever be near you to give strength and encouragement as you journey along in the path of right and duty in the life below. Affectionately your husband,

HERBERT.

VIII.

Father Kenyon's Diary.

TO MY SON, IN ST. PAUL: As you have expressed a wish to know where we live and how we have passed the time since coming into the New Life, I very gladly avail myself of this opportunity to give you a record of my first thoughts and experiences, that you may know more fully what the real life in the Beyond is.

Upon awaking from the last earthly sleep, I found myself on a long bridge that crossed a beautiful stream of water. I appeared to be in about the center of it, and on looking ahead, saw people, but was not near enough to recognize them. On looking back all was dark. A mist or cloud had formed at that end and I could not see what was beyond it. I also noticed that the cloud was coming nearer me.

I thought that if this was not strange I did not know what was and concluded to pass on to the end where the people were; perhaps they could tell me where I was. That cloud continued to roll over and nearer me, so I started to reach the other side. I had not gone far when I heard some one singing an old familiar church hymn. I thought they were a respectable crowd and as I advanced I recognized every one. They were my old friends and young converts that had become Christians through my teachings.

As I stepped off the bridge they all came up, shook hands with me and said: "Our dear kind friend, we are very glad to welcome you to your heavenly home." I

asked them if they were in their right minds, for if this was Heaven it was not the place I wished to see; and furthermore I did not believe them and told them so. They said: "All will be clear to you in time; trust to us, as we have trusted to you."

I looked at myself and could see no change, only I seemed perfectly well and knew I had been very sick, so I was willing to let them lead me. We walked a little distance and I sat down on a log that was by the roadside. There were trees, a few flowers and a great number of birds; just like a lovely, perfect woods. The road and everything looked natural. Not that I had ever seen a place like it; still there was something that looked like things on earth. This I noticed in particular: everything was fresh and growing, nothing was dry or decayed; all a beautiful green. The light threw shadows here and there and all was peaceful and quiet. While I was thinking it over a dizziness came over me. I looked for my friends and they surrounded me in a circle and I felt myself lifted up and carried away. I could not see anything but a misty vapor that seemed to be surrounding me.

How long I remained in that state I could not tell, but think only a few minutes. I came to myself and found that I was alone in the most heavenly place I ever saw or it is possible to imagine; pencil cannot describe the beauties of that perfect spot. I did not feel lonely or seem to call for any one, and was just simply resting; it was perfect rest. All around me was grass so very green, the dew was still on it; flowers were in blossom, birds and butterflies of all colors and descriptions were flitting here and

there, all in perfect harmony. There was no fear, for they came close to me, some of them resting on my head and shoulders and sang their little happy songs fearlessly. I was not at all anxious to leave or find out where I was. As yet I did not believe it was Heaven. Still, it now looked as though it might be.

While resting here, four little children came to me. They threw a bright light all around them and were all dressed in some kind of white material. Their faces were not familiar. They were about four or five years old, apparently, and they had a basket full of white roses and some green vine. They came in front of me, but talked among themselves, sat down on the grass and made a wreath for my head and a very large one that they put around me. I did not say anything. I could not ; and simply sat and looked on.

After they had finished their flower work they stood before me and sang, the sweetest I ever heard. Then they knelt in prayer : "Our Father, who art in heaven, I have come to Thee ; I have passed through the gates ajar and am resting in heavenly realms above. Look down, Holy Father, on me and guide my steps aright. Lead me through paths of righteousness into paths of bliss. I have extended the helping hand to sinners and taught the right to those I found stumbling by the way. Father in heaven, hear me while I now kneel in prayer. Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, for they will show me the way. A little child shall lead me. Yes ; angels will direct me aright. I offer up my prayer to Thee and lovingly following thy many command-

ments, pray that when I open my eyes, I may see Thee in the skies." Then they arose and raised their eyes and hands to the sky.

It would be impossible for me to describe what took place so that you can understand it fully. A golden light covered everything, and up above in the sky I saw coming, running down amid the beautiful clouds, very many children, little girls and boys. The clouds were great banks of pure white, with a pink tint thrown over them. The children were all dressed in white, with their arms full of flowers, dropping them on their way. They rested amid air and all sang together "Come to Jesus," that I had sung so many years in Sunday school, only they sang "You are here with Jesus," and continued to scatter flowers as they sang. I was spellbound and looked at the heavenly sight in perfect wonder and amazement and *had no doubt now* about it being heaven. One little one about ten years old came forward with her golden hair flowing in the breeze, her happy face shining with a glorious light and reached out her hands, saying, "We have come to show you the way. At home in heaven are many mansions. I go to prepare one for you. It is I, be not afraid. I will lead you through valleys of beauty to a home which our Father in heaven has prepared for you. Trust me; be not afraid."

I reached out my hands and said: "Little darlings, one and all, who are you?" "We are our Heavenly Father's children. You know he is very fond of little children and he takes us and blesses us." I inquired in what way?

"He blesses us by giving us life here that is full of happi-

ness ; no sickness ; free from trouble and where we are never separate from those who love truth and the right. ' His goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will remain in the home of my father forever.' You have taught the right and truth as you understood it. You have helped many poor, perishing souls to lift up their heads and love Jesus. You have sown seeds of kindness by the wayside. Your work on earth has been faithfully done. Now receive our Heavenly Father's blessed reward." They raised their hands in prayer and I did the same. Then they sang : " Will you follow me ?"

After they had finished their singing, they formed in twos and commenced to move away. I took the little one's hands who had done the talking and she led me after the rest. We walked or glided—it was not walking—and passed through valley after valley, where I noticed there were very many homes here and there, no two alike. Also a great many people ; some were under trees, others singing, but we passed them by and I asked my little guide if she did not think some of these a good place to stop. Her reply was : " They cannot see us ; we will not remain here." I could see them and wondered why they could not see us. She said : " We can see clearer than they can, for they are surrounded by a vapor cloud that shuts out all beyond for a time. They are now learning the lessons that should have been learned on earth."

As we live and sow, so we reap. It all lies with each one individually, as to the happiness in store upon entering the life here. You have your work to do ; if you fail in accomplishing it, *you* are the one affected by the neglect.

I remarked that they appeared happy and contented ; these certainly were lovely places.

"Yes, but there will a time come, and has to many, when they will wish for other and better conditions. Then we have a duty to perform in teaching them the right way to a higher state of understanding. There is a time for everything here, the same as in earth life, and a law governing the whole heavens." And we passed on.

We passed a very wide stream of water that was rushing over stones and rocks, making a loud roaring noise. There were people here who seemed in an anxious state of mind. Some were crying and some were downcast. I inquired the meaning of this, and she said :

"These are those who have lived a life of wrong ; have given all their thoughts to worldly matters and have not done any good to those who were suffering. Some have deceived those who loved them, and never having repented while in earth life have it now to do. They are now reaping the harvest that their own life has sown. You do not suffer here for the wrongs of others ; when others lead you astray, they are the greatest sinners. We suffer according as we knowingly do wrong. When we are sorry for the wrong done and do better, the sin is erased from the great book, where all good and bad deeds are recorded."

In this place there were no homes. All were simply wandering about, or sitting under the trees, not appearing to notice anything.

I felt like stopping here and, as of old, do some missionary work in advising them, but my little guide said : "No,

not now. After a time you can return if you wish to help them." Then we left them and passed on to brighter scenes.

The little children crossed the stream. There was no bridge ; they just floated in the air across the water. I did not want to try it and told my guide so. She said : "A little child shall lead them," and I followed. She took me by the hand and a cloud surrounded us both. I could not see anything but her ; felt myself moving some place, but was not afraid. I had no fear now and soon the cloud cleared away and we were on the other side together once more. The atmosphere was not so clear now as in some of the other places and I called her attention to it. Before I had finished the remark, such a light burst upon us that I could hardly see. She reached up her hands and said : "Now I will leave you in better hands." She kissed me on the forehead and vanished, with all the little ones, and I was alone.

I looked around me. All was quiet, clear and beautiful. There was a hill on one side and a valley or plain on the other. I could see, oh, so far away, flowers and birds of every description. I walked to a tree and sat down on the grass. I cannot tell why, but I felt as though some one was coming and was wondering who it was, when far away in the distance I saw your sister Susan coming to me, with a wreath and cross of flowers in her arms. As she came close to me she said : "Darling father, do you know me, your own child ?" I could not speak because of my great joy. She placed the wreath on my head and the cross at my feet and, folding me in her arms, drew my

head to her bosom and kissed me as fervently as in earth life and said that she would take me to her home.

I wonderingly raised my head, taking her hands in mine, and said: "Darling child, is it you?" "Yes, father; it is I, whom you loved and cared for; I, whom you missed so sadly when I passed away; but now we have met in this world of love and glory never again to part in tears. I have been preparing a home for you all these years, for you know, father, that 'in Heaven there are many mansions.'" Then I arose and we walked away together.

We followed the path she came and found new beauties in every place. I met some of my old friends on our way home. They seemed very glad to see me and said they had known for some time that I was coming to them before long and they hoped I would come and see them in their homes.

I told them that I did not know what to promise, as everything was so different from what I expected that I was not sure of myself even, but certainly would be glad to do so. They assured me that they did not understand things at first, and had a good deal to learn every day. "We made some mistakes in our belief, but when you come to think of it, does not this seem to be the most natural way to look at it?"

"Yes; some things look all right, but not everything. I did not expect to find trees, flowers, birds and people so free to go to every place, just as in the old world or earth life. There is this difference, however: you do not seem to be obliged to associate with those not in harmony with

you. I like that, and do not know as I could better any of it, so far." They passed on and we started once more for our home.

I thought we must have gone a great way and asked Susan if we were not near there? "Yes, father; just over the hill. Listen to what you will soon hear." I did so and should think there must have been thousands of birds singing, by the noise they made. When we were at the top of the hill there was a beautiful sight. Such birds, grass, trees, water, flowers, and children by the hundreds; what a beautiful scene! We stood still and looked on. I was amazed and did not move, for it was more than I could understand or comprehend.

Soon the children saw us and stopped their play and commenced singing. I should think a hundred little ones came running to us. Some had playthings, some flowers, some books of pictures, others with birds on their hands; and all the darlings wanted a kiss. How did they know that I was always very fond of children?

I assured Susan that *here* was the place for me and I would remain. She said: "Just a little way beyond this is my home. These little ones live here and you can come to see them at any time." I asked a little one where *her* house was and she laughingly answered: "We do not have any houses or churches here; everybody is good. Ain't you glad you came?"

At Susan's suggestion I looked to the left and sure enough, there was a home for them. It was made out of some kind of wood, something like cedar, I should think. There were no doors and the roof was completely covered

with a vine of some kind. There are many paths leading to it, flowers in profusion on all sides; one large fountain and children were bathing in the water. Others were playing and sitting on the railing of the basin; all playing, perfectly natural and childlike. I wondered if they would not get drowned, but Susan said "Oh, no; we are not mortals; there is no death." I went into this home and found the floor of grass and playthings everywhere. Quite a number of grown people came, shook hands and welcomed us to the "Summer Valley." They were the teachers of these little ones. These are children whose mothers could not own them in earth life; their parents had been leading a life of sin. The little ones need care and advice here just as much as in earth life and there is always some loving one who is very ready and glad to have the care of them. I think one individual has the care of three or four at once, the same as though they were their own. The children have picnics and have a grand time together, then return to their foster-mothers for instruction and keeping. All are happy and healthy. All children grow to be men and women, but never get to look old as would be the case in earth life.

When the old come, they grow younger in many ways, but never lose their gray hair; but they become perfectly well and strong, feeling a healthy glow. I am perfectly strong, am not in the least tired, which is more than I had been able to say for a long time in earth life. We finally left this beautiful home of the children in Summer Land and passed along to our resting place.

We had not gone very far when we came in sight of Susan's home, which is perfectly round and has a walk leading by a little low roofed place or arbor with chairs and a table inside. We passed through this arbor and walked up the steps into the home, which has a porch all around it. There are many kinds of vines running up on the outside and inside. Here were chairs for any who wished to come. There are six doors or passageways, with curtains of different colored material, drawn to one side instead of doors. Vines were twined up the sides and over the top of the passageways. The home was built of different woods, put together something like a fern pattern, and is curiously beautiful.

I notice that different woods, flowers and everything is much brighter here than in earth life. We entered the home and I found the inside covered with thin pink goods that Susan called silk. It is very thin and draped very gracefully. Chairs were pink and blue. Everything seemed to harmonize very nicely and brings a quieting, restful condition. In the center of the room is a large rockery of different stones that Susan has gathered ; also shells of every description. On the rockery are growing flowers of every color. There are many birds flying fearlessly around and singing sweetly. In the corner of the room is a mound of moss, growing fresh and beautiful. There is but one room in this home. Here are chairs, one especially for me, covered with pink silk. Here also is a table with books, including the Holy Bible. This was the first thing I had seen that particularly reminded me of my mission there, for it looked just like

my old Bible and I asked her where she found my old Book.

She said it was not the old one but one as near like it as she could make from the material she found. The pink and blue, with the light on it, throws a beautiful tint over the perfectly white floor. The roof runs up to a point. The vines, growing up the outside, have come in from the top of the roof and droop part way down the room; besides, some have been trained down the sides of the room. On one side of the home is a little stream of water trickling along over pebbles and grasses with little fish swimming in it. There is also a cosy seat there, made out of a tree stump, with a large tree by its side to keep off the strong light. Here also is a rustic bridge crossing the stream.

I have attempted to describe the home of Susan so that you can imagine how it looks, but you will have to see it to realize its beauty, and then it will take much time to instil all its loveliness into your soul. Susan, woman like, wanted to know if I thought her idea of a home perfect, and not being in a condition to find fault with so much loveliness I told her "Yes; perfectly beautiful and restful."

We went out on the veranda and visited in our easy chairs just as we would after a long separation in earth life. I could not fully realize that all this was real and lasting, and could not resist the impulse to take hold of her hand just to be certain that it was really my dear child. I had seen so many unexpected things that my joy was beyond realization as yet. Susan saw my uneasy condition and said: "Darling father, you will never lose me again.

I am here by your side, as of old, am now in my resting place and have been waiting long for you to come."

She said that she had loving friends here and often returned to earth to comfort and bless those in sorrow and trouble. I asked if she meant to say that she *returned to earth*? She said, "Yes; very often; and have been close by your side many times. Then you felt a peaceful influence but did not realize that it was I who brought it, for you did not think we could return." I assured her that I did not believe it then "and do not now; for the Bible teaches very different from that, if I understand it correctly, and I think I do, for it has been my careful study."

"Well, father, you have more to learn. You do not understand all the expressions and sayings as they are intended to be understood. Could you, for instance, picture a more heavenly spot—a more perfect resting place than this, and other places you have seen?"

"No; I do not think I could; but where are the wicked and ungodly? Where is their punishment? Do they come here and live in this beautiful region of love?"

"Oh, no, father; you will visit places of misery that need our influence and loving guidance. I have been doing my duty ever since I came here and as you want to know what it is, I will take you there."

As we passed down the steps, I walked to a flower bed and was looking at it, when as I looked back to see if Susan was coming, I saw your sister Libbie coming down the steps. She came to me, kissed me and said she was very glad I had come. I was surprised and inquired where in

the world she came from so suddenly. She replied that she had been out walking and returning, Susan told her that I had come. I asked why *she* did not know it without being told? She said :

“Father, I have not been here long enough to become familiar with this new life, and can only walk a short distance from our home and find my way back again. This may seem strange to you, father, but it is so. I shall, and so will you, learn everything after a little time.”

Susan now came and we three started down the valley. We did not go fast, as Libbie had to stop every little way and look at something that was too pretty for her to pass. I do not know how far it was to Susan’s place of usefulness, as we travel much faster here than upon earth. No miles here ; will-power does it all. You wish yourself in some place and you find yourself moving and first you know you are there.

We were all enveloped in a cloud as we glided along, and I inquired the reason. Susan said that she could see clearly and after a time we would, when we had learned to use our strength properly. The cloud served to keep us from becoming confused at things we were passing; for we were up in the clouds, a great distance from some places we were passing, and if we should become frightened and fear falling we would lose control of ourselves and go down to them. As soon as we had learned the way of moving from one place to another it would not be necessary to have any protection. I inquired why we could not walk on the ground, why was it necessary for us to walk in the clouds? She said : “It is not a case of necessity. I do so

now because we are passing places that you and Libbie would wish to stop and see, and I wish you to go with me to my place of duty and helpfulness. After you have been here a little longer you can go where you please and return when you wish to; but, dear father, you have to learn the way first."

I wondered how she found all this out, and she said: "A little child taught me the first step and then gave me into older hands. I lived for a long time with the children, as I was only a little child when I came, and was taken care of by a dear loving lady who we called '*Mamma Snowflake*,' for she is so very white. We loved her very dearly. It was Snowflake who first took me back to you when you were so lonely without me. As I grew older and stronger I learned the way myself." All this sounded very strange to me.

The cloud that had enveloped us cleared away and we were in a very strange place. I have seen a great many different places and conditions since, but nothing has ever struck me so completely dumb as this spot did, for it was my first experience of anything of the kind in the spirit world. There was a very steep hill or mountain on each side of us, leaving only a narrow valley running through rocks; very few flowers and not of a high order; water, that was all right enough, only it had a swift current. Not a bird did I see, nor a house or home of any description. There were a great many people here and all looked as though they had just risen from the grave. I did not feel comfortable, and asked Susan what was the trouble here. Just then Libbie said: "Oh, father! I see some one

over there that I have seen in some place on earth, but do not remember where. I am going to speak to her." Susan said: "My dear sister, she cannot see you or any of us."

I inquired what was the use of our coming to this place if we could not do any good? "Please, father, watch me." Then she walked to where the woman was sitting, and put her arms around her and said: "*You can* leave this place of sorrow if you regret the wrong you have done." The woman paid no attention and did not appear to hear what had been said. Then Susan stood close to her and made passes over her, and very soon she began to cry and call for her little one, her little darling. Oh, if she could only find her child! "Why did I leave her so cruelly? Who will help me find my child? Darling child, where are you?" Susan said to her: "You can find your little one." At this she arose and said, "I thought some one was speaking to me. Oh, I am so sorry that I ever did it! My darling, where are you?" All of this surprised me very much.

Susan returned to us and said: "This is my work, to uplift and help the poor, miserable ones who come here to this place of punishment. Here their conscience stings them to the heart's core. Now you and Libbie follow me," and she again passed to the woman's side and put her arms around her, and soon we were all enveloped in a cloud so dark that we could not see ourselves, at least I could not see, and we felt ourselves lifted and moving. The woman appeared to be unconscious. Susan said to us: "You will soon see something that will make your hearts bleed. This woman did wrong upon earth and will want to return and help those she wronged." "Yes," I said, "if that could

be done, it would be well," but I doubted the possibility to do so.

Soon we ceased to move, and Susan again made passes over her and the darkness cleared away and we were at the very place I wanted to stop at on my way to Susan's home. I was very glad to get there. Susan took the woman to a lovely spot under a tree, and laid her down. Here I offered to help, but Susan said she did not need any assistance. A brightness came over all, and many little children came running to us. Some of them went away again and gathered flowers which they brought and placed around the woman. We simply stood at one side and looked on. Very soon she arose and looked around. Oh! such a look! It made my heart almost break for her. The little ones were close by her side. At first she could not speak. They began singing and she cried out, "Oh, Grace; where are you? I want you." The little ones threw their loads of flowers to her and then went away. She arose and walked away up the valley and we followed, but did not attract her attention as she could not see us. Soon six little girls came running, singing very sweetly, and had their playthings with them. As they came near the woman, one of them stopped, apparently surprised, and said: "Oh, Mamma! Mamma! dear Mamma!" and ran to her and was recognized. They were folded in each other's arms, and such loving words, such caressing, such a meeting of mother and child cannot be described. The little one so very happy to meet her own mamma, the mother overcome to know that she was forgiven for her wrong doing and once more with her neglected darling. I felt that I must

speak to her, but Susan said : " No, dear father; I never let them know that *it is I* who lead them out of darkness. Here we will leave mother and child together."

Before we passed on I looked again and the little one was putting flowers in her mother's hair, not appearing to understand why her mamma grieved so at meeting her. Then we passed on. Surely there is work for us here. Libbie was so glad to see the reunion that she wanted to remain and we left her there for a time. Libbie had left a darling child in earth life and this mother's joy was such that she decided to remain and enjoy the presence of these little children and this happy mother.

I returned with Susan to her home and sat down and thought these things over. Here I was in Heaven, free from all pain in passing out of the body; have not experienced a moment's discontent since coming here, although everything is very different from what I expected to find it in every respect. Surely, I have made a great mistake about Heaven and will now try and find out how I did so and where I was wrong. The Bible is a Holy Book, but I am wrong as to its teachings, so I will try and right myself.

I was not satisfied with the idea that I could not go where I pleased and return at my pleasure as well as any one, and told Susan that I would like to go away by my own self and see where I would land. She consented and told me that if I should want her, to sit down and wish for her, look for her and not leave the place I was in when I felt lost and called for her. I promised to do so, in case I got in a place I could not get out of. I believed I could

go from one place to another just as well as any one; did not think I would be fearful of anything I would see, so I bid her good-by and started in the opposite direction from the place where the little children were. I knew I could reach them and wanted to experiment on a larger scale.

There is something very strange about the way we walk here. We move without any noise and flowers are under our feet but we do not crush them at all. There seems to be no death to anything. Flowers do not require any care. People do fuss with them, because they love to and have a natural love for taking care of them. You pick a rose or any flower and it does not wilt. When you throw it aside, it simply roots itself again and continues to live. I have noticed particularly that they are never dry. There is at times a dew falling upon everything. At times the light does not shine so clearly, but when it does come in its full splendor, all is glorious.

Well, I had not gone very far when I felt a loneliness come over me, as though some one was calling me. I wondered at it, for this was the very first sensation of that kind. I thought perhaps it came from my being alone. There was no one near me that I could see. Perhaps Susan might have seen some one, but I could not and I thought there was a good deal of imagination about her talk.

I was in a very pretty place, all was perfectly green, no birds or flowers. It was very still. I could not shake off the loneliness, so sat down and wondered what it meant. Soon my thoughts were of your mother and I could not get my thoughts away from her. I wondered how she

was getting along without me, and must confess that I wanted to go back to our old home and find her. I had left her with so many children to look after and no means to do it with, I became uneasy and discontented and wondered if I could go back and find her. I had not believed I could return to earth after death, but she and the children were there, and I thought if I must wait years and years before I could see or hear from her, or know how she was getting along, I would not be happy here.

What made me think of the old home, if I could not reach it? The little children said I was to be very happy here, but unless I could blot out all love for my wife and children that I had loved and cherished so many years, unless I can forget them entirely, I do not see how I can be contented here or in any place without knowing how they are getting along. Now I see that it cannot be accomplished unless I can return to them. Here I was, all alone, and did not understand the first step toward getting to any place, so I called for Susan and waited as she had directed me to do. Soon I saw her coming to me and she laughingly inquired how I was getting along, and "why so sad?" I told her my thoughts of home and the loved ones there; when she inquired if it was not perfectly natural that I should wish to see mother and the loved ones at home, and assured me that she had been home many times and that I could do so also, "and now," said she, "we will both *return* together to the dear old home where the loved ones are."

She told me to fix my mind on mother and think of nothing else and we would try moving without a protect-

ing cloud. That was just what I wished to do. It was quite evident that I must start at the beginning and learn over again things that I thought I already knew, and the sooner I acquired the knowledge the better.

We walked away a short distance when we commenced to rise up into the air. We did not seem to be lifted, for we had solid footing ; still we were in the clouds, walking along, just like any one would on land. After a while Susan said : " We will soon be in sight of home." I thought it could not be, for we had only started, apparently. I found, however, that as usual, she was right. On our way we met a great many people going and coming from some place. They were happy and bowed to us as they passed. There appeared to be no discord and every one willing to help the other.

We walked along on banks of clouds. All at once we stopped, the clouds separated and we passed down from them to the earth. Before reaching the earth I looked down and could see our home as distinctly as ever I did in my life. Then I had nothing to say about it not being possible to return from Heaven, or the Spirit World. I felt that all my hard study had been thrown away. How I came to make this mistake was more than I then understood.

We walked up to our home and found the door shut. Then I asked Susan how we were going to get in. She said : " Use all your will-force and we will be there. It is more easy to pass through a doorway than to pass through a solid substance. When all is closed, you have to exercise all your will-force and magnetism to accomplish it."

We passed through the door all right. I do not know just how to explain this. I felt myself moving and was looking at the door and then was inside the room, and did not ask any more questions. We passed into the sitting or living room and there was Mother as natural as I left her. She was sitting by the table, darning a pair of pants, but was looking very sad, sitting there working all alone, except that Sam was with her. He wanted to know of her "What made pa die, anyhow?" "My son, it was the will of the Lord. His time had come, so he must obey our Heavenly Father's wishes." Sam said it was awful mean, anyhow. Then mother told him to go to bed ; and she was alone. Susan and myself tried to make her realize that we were there. We put our arms around her and talked to her just as we would do if she could have seen and heard us. Soon she put her work away and opened the Bible and read, prayed and cried as though her heart would break.

We remained close by her all the time. Susan made passes over her and soon she appeared to feel better and commenced to wonder how and where I was. Finally she retired for the night and had what she thought was a wonderful dream, in which she thought I had returned to her bedside and told her that I had been there in the home all the evening. She told her dream to Sam and he thought she had the nightmare and she concluded that she had eaten too hearty a supper. So I did not get the credit of doing what I had accomplished, for I was by her bedside and told her just the words she related to Sam. She never spoke of it after that once, nor have

I been able to make her realize that I could return and I was very much disappointed. The boys would do things that I tried to tell them was not right but could not. They thought me dead, as I had always taught them, except Hezekiah ; he always would and did do his own thinking, which I did not like at all, but it is all right now, my son ; you were right, in a great measure.

Susan thought we had better return to get more strength. When we arrived at our home above, we found Libbie there with a number of little children that she had taken from Summer Valley for her own, two beautiful little girls and two lovely little boys. They were bright, sunny children. She was only on a visit, as she had decided to remain in Summer Valley with the children.

Susan thought that if I would get a child for a guide and companion that it would be better, as we would help each other, as there were so many things that needed explaining, that a child did not understand ; and some that the child could explain to me. Therefore I went to Summer Valley all alone. Had no trouble finding the place. I had been there before, and it is the most beautiful place, to me, that I had seen.

When I came in sight, the little darlings came running to me, so very happy and free ! I must sit down and talk to them ; and as I had come to find one for my own, I was glad to do so. But I never got into a place before where it was so hard to decide which one I would choose. One little darling would say something and I wanted her, then another would talk and I wanted that one. Finally I

inquired if *they* knew any little girl that would like to be *my* little girl. I thought that would decide it for me, but *all* jumped up and clapped their hands and laughed, saying: "We all will go, for we love you," and I would have taken them all if I could have had my way just then. Finally one said: "We cannot all go, but I know some one you can get," and away she ran.

While I sat waiting for her to return, I asked the little ones if they were happy all the time, and they looked at me in wonder and answered in a way that made me feel very much ashamed for asking the question: "Why, ain't you happy? We always are; everything is so lovely. Don't you think it prettier here than the earth? Could you make it any nicer?" I told them no; that I was sure that we were all very happy; and dropped the subject.

Soon my little messenger came with a child *she* thought would please me. She was ten years old, had large blue eyes, bright brown hair which curled down below her waist and was not confined by ribbon of any kind; was dressed in thin white goods that floated all about her; had flowers in her hair and a lovely wreath around her neck, a sort of necklace. She came up to me smiling, such a heavenly face I have never seen but once since. She took off the necklace and placed it on my head and wound her arms around my neck and kissing me said: "May I be your little girl?" Well! I thought she could be anything she wished; and told her so. To which she said: "Oh, I am so happy! I will be your little guardian angel." I inquired what her name was, and before she could answer,

all the little ones began singing a pretty little song in which the name of my little angel was given as "Faith;" and away they skipped, singing and running after each other like little fairies.

My little Faith, how I loved her already! I looked down at her and offered up a prayer. She said: "May I call you papa?" I assured her that I would love to have her do so. She said: "My own papa never loved us very much. Papa and mamma are not together very much." I inquired how old she was when she first came to Summer Valley. She said: "I was five years old and I was very lonesome at first and some little girls took me back to my home. Papa was not with mamma then and she was very lonesome. I could not make my mamma see me at all and she cried very much, because I was all the little girl she had. I got a brother, though. He is smaller than I am. Do you think we can go and find my^e mamma now? I want to see her."

I told her that I would be glad to go, but she would have to teach me the way, as I had not been here very long. "Oh, yes; I will. I did not always know how. You must take hold of my hand and want to go real bad and we will be there before long. That is the way I do." She asked if I would like to have her sing while we were going; said she could sing real nice. Her songs were very sweet and I was very glad to hear them. She was as near being an angel as is possible to get. She wanted to know if I had a home of my own in Heaven and I told her not yet; but intended to build one after a little time and would like to have her help me about it. She was much pleased and

had a good deal to say about what we would have in it. On our way to Faith's mamma we passed by hill after hill, valley after valley and over streams of water. I could see all very clearly now, as I was not at all afraid.

It did seem very strange to be moving just on air. Soon we passed into the clouds and it was just like walking on great banks of pure white snow, only instead of being cold we were very comfortable. Some of the way there was blue sky above us and clouds below ; could always see a great ways around, which is strange, as we were right in the clouds. I inquired if she did not think it queer that we could go from one place to another this way. She said: "I did once, but should feel more so to go now as I did when I lived with my mamma. I like it here ever so much better than I did at my other home, don't you?" Well, I thought I did, still I would like "Mother" here to enjoy this with me. She said : "We will take her some flowers, sometime."

As we were passing along we came to a black cloud and I could not see beyond it, and asked what we were to do now. She said: "We will be all right. Just wait and see who is in it. Some one feels bad. When they pass, all will be bright again." We looked at the cloud and it parted and a man walked out. He did appear to be very unhappy. Faith said: "Oh, dear papa; he has lost his way. Shall we help him?" I really felt ashamed to have her suggest it first, but I was so surprised that I did not think much about anything. She did not know him, but that made no difference, and she went to him, but he did not appear to see her. She patted his face and he first

looked at me and then at her and said: "Oh, sis; will you tell me where I am? I cannot get out of these clouds." I inquired where he wished to go, to which he said that he did not care. He had been trying to go from one place to another without help and could not do it. He thought he did not want any one to tell him how or where to go. To this Faith said: "All right, we will not; but just let me put this flower in your hand." She had gathered a basket of flowers before we started. He looked at her, then at the flowers and said: "Little fairy, who are you and where did you come from?" "I am simply this papa's little Faith and wish you were happy. We must go now; good-by."

He did not wish to be left alone, for he was afraid he could not find his place of rest. Little Faith inquired if he did not have any friends here and he said not any, as he knew of. "Well, would you like to have a friend to help you?" "Certainly I would." "Well, just wait and I will find some one to help you."

She knelt down and called: "Little children, little children, come this way, to little Faith. I am now calling for Sunbeam, to lead this dear papa to a home of rest. He has no one here to love him. Will you, Sunbeam, come to me?"

Soon I heard such sweet singing that I thought the air was full of children all singing. They came from every direction, in great numbers. Little Faith arose, went to the man and took him by the hand and the cloud cleared away and all was perfectly clear. The little ones had as many flowers as they could carry. Two little girls came to him and put a wreath on his head and beckoned to the others to

come also and they placed flowers about him until he was surrounded with a glorious beauty of every color.

He, like myself, was perfectly surprised and simply looked at them in wonder and amazement. It was more than I could comprehend and I did not say a word. Then they sang one of their gloriously sweet songs. Singing here is very different from that you have on earth. When they finished the singing one of them went to him and said: "Are you anyone's papa?" "Yes; but my little girl is on the earth." "Would you like to have me with you for a little time?" "Yes, my darling; will you come?" "Oh, yes; if you would love to have me. I am called 'Sunbeam' and we will go away to a place of restfulness. I can show you the way."

Now the stranger was in loving care and Sunbeam bid us good-by. Before we parted, the man came to Faith, put his arms around her and said: "My little angel, may you always be happy!" "Oh, yes," she said, "we are never sad; good-by, all." We watched them as they went their way, with all the little ones following. I asked Faith where they would take him. She said first to Summer Valley, then to any place he wished to go.

Then we started once more for our place of duty and came to more dark clouds, but they were not so black. They separated, or in other words, we passed through them and saw a city below us. We passed down to a street and walked along from one place to another. I inquired if she had lived here. She said: "No; we lived out quite a distance. Do you not think this a pretty place?" "Yes; what is this city called?" "Oh, I forgot; you do not

know, do you? Well, this is Cleveland; I like it here. Pretty soon you will see mamma's home. There it is! Oh, I am so glad! I think mamma is at home. It looks as though she is."

This was a beautiful mansion. My little Faith certainly left a beautiful home when she came into the Beyond. It had large grounds, a fountain and vases. We walked up to the door and entered. Such grandeur! Everything as rich and gorgeous as money could make it! We passed through a winding hall and upstairs. Faith said: "Mamma's rooms are upstairs, for she always liked it better up there, cause she could get away from the noise." I noticed that it was very quiet there, but Faith said: "It is now, but at night it is not, for then papa is home."

I wondered at her reply, but it was explained soon enough. Everything upstairs was as below, very beautiful. We came to mamma's Blue Room and did not find mamma there and passed into a crimson one and there was mamma and a dear little boy, sitting by the fire grate. I would suppose the mother to be twenty-five years old and the boy six. Both were fine looking. Faith ran up to them and kissed both and said: "Oh, dear mamma and little brother, I am so glad to find you." The little boy began to talk and inquired if papa would be home to-night. Mamma does not know; papa has gone away for a time and does not know just when he will return. "Well, can't we go for a drive?" "No, dear, not now; mamma is not well." Yet she looked to me perfectly well. Little Faith said: "Papa goes away sometimes and mamma cries and cries so much! I wish he would not do so, for mamma is so good."

I could understand it now. This was one of those homes where all is gorgeous to look at, but where hearts are breaking for loving words from the one they call husband. Such mockery ! How are such punished in Heaven ? Surely, *they* do not escape.

I thought we could influence her papa not to do so wrongfully, but she said : “ No ; mamma has, lots of times, but he tells her to mind her own affairs, and mamma always does now, but she does not feel very happy. I wish I could take her home with us, don’t you ? ” “ Yes, my dear ; but we will see what we can do here.”

We did not leave this home for some time. We could see that there was going to be a change here before long, and perhaps we could do some good.

I thought it best to call Susan, as I was not experienced enough to know just what to do and my little guide did not. So we passed outside and called for Susan. Very soon she came, walking up to the house. I was glad to see her and explained how everything was here. She said : “ Yes, my dear father ; I see all and we can help them ; can help the sorrowing one.” We once more passed into the home and remained close by Faith’s mamma and brother.

At night the father returned ; was intoxicated and cruel. The mother’s heart was breaking for one word of love but it came not. He did not have any love for his own. He had company in his rooms below and all drank freely to the health of some women, not their own wives. It was heart-rending. The mother raised her hands in prayer of thankfulness that her little girl had not to go through such suffering, but was now at home with the angels.

We brought comfort to her, and she became partially under our influence before retiring and saw her darling by her side. She returned to the room where her little boy was sleeping, and such a prayer as that mother offered up will call the angels from Heaven to her rescue. May the angels bless and protect all mothers and wives who are thus afflicted ! She fully believed that she had seen her darling child and it was a great comfort to her.

Soon after retiring for the night, she was informed by one of the servants that her husband was sick ; would she come down ? On entering the room she learned that he had not breathed for some time. She forgot all his wrongdoing, thought not of her suffering in her anxiety to help him in this time of need. But all was of no avail, for his life had fled.

We will pass over this part of the scene and the account of the suffering of this wife and mother and learn how this husband and father was received in Heaven.

We left Faith with her mamma, to cheer and sustain the broken hearted one in the earth home. She came close to her mother and infused a spirit of faith and trust into the soul of her dear one which enabled her to meet the trial and separation nobly and more trustingly lean upon angel ministrations.

We returned to the spirit world to learn how such men are received and what their spiritual condition is upon awaking in the new life. Susan thought she knew just where to find him, and sure enough she was correct.

We found him in one of the most wretched spots of misery on the spirit side of life. There were a great many

more there, but they were so confused that they did not see each other. He was walking along and would every now and then fall. This I did not understand then, but learn that as we live on earth, just as we are at the time of leaving the body, so we find ourselves on reaching the spirit world. There is no change mentally. If you have been keeping bad company, if you have wicked thoughts of any kind, you take all with you. In other words, you take your natural conditions and no other. Here you cannot harm or corrupt others, but can find others of a like nature and mingle together for a time. After a while you will become despondent, miserable, discontented and yearn for other and better conditions.

This particular class of persons will find their greatest suffering to come from thirst for something they cannot find here. After that passes away, there comes another change to the thoughts that sting and torment, things come up to them that they have neglected to do in earth life. Loved faces appear before them, especially of those they have wronged and neglected, and it becomes a place of the greatest unhappiness.

None are happy in this place where we found Faith's father. They soon wish for better things. Then the angels listen to their cry and come to their rescue. After they are helped out of this condition, they have many others to pass through that will not be pleasant, before they can be called pure. All thoughts are plainly seen here in this life. There is no covering up bad thoughts; you cannot say one thing and mean another, without the deception being seen by all.

Our happiness here depends entirely on ourselves. To be happy here *at first*, we must have lived a pure life on earth, doing all the good possible to our fellow man. You need not go very far to lend a helping hand to some worthy fellow creature. After taking the best possible care of loved ones at home, reach out a helping hand to those in need. You will always find God's poor all around you. Never seek foreign missionary work until your own and the needy in your own neighborhood are taken care of. Do not starve your own to feed others. Overcome selfishness as much as is possible, in justice to your own. The wrong that has been done can be blotted out by living a better life after seeing the error. You are not damned for wrong doing, unless you choose to be ; and no one chooses to be. Every one in time realizes the wrong that has been done and is helped out of that wretchedness.

If you do not come here pure from earth life, you must become so before you can mingle with the pure and lovely here. We do not progress here until we make up our mind to do so, and till then the pure pass us by. That is why so many who lived together in earthly conditions as man and wife do not meet here for a long time, and in some cases never do. They are not drawn to each other. There is no discord here where the pure in heart reign. It is love and happiness we are looking for and we go on looking until we find it.

This man, Faith's father, had been living a life of deception and cruelly neglected to love and cherish his wife all his married life. Will they ever meet in this new life ? is

a very natural question to ask. If there has been no true love between them, they will take different paths here. In this case, the wife does love him with her whole soul and he will be drawn to her in time.

I have described the condition we found him in. At another time we found him in his earth home where his wife is broken hearted over her loneliness and thoughts of his wrong doings. He sees himself standing by his own, worn out neglected body. Here his life comes before him in all its varied phases of deception and wrong doing. He realizes that death came through his habits and with untold wretchedness to those he should have sheltered, loved and protected. He is miserable and cries for mercy. His conscience is now tormenting him. He attempts to tell his wife *that he is not dead*; that he is by her side and that he is sorry for all the wrong he has done her; but she cannot hear him. He cannot now reach her by the sound of his voice and is in a miserable condition. He cannot endure this scene of a wife and mother's agonizing sorrow. He loses all remembrance of his surroundings and will reap as he has sown.

How long he remained in this condition he cannot tell, but he finally awakens to find himself in a place, apparently all alone. Trees are green, large and beautiful, but he is lonely. His thoughts are such that he is wild with regrets for what he has done. He remains in this state for some time. Finally a change comes over him and he wishes for something better. He wishes to become a better man and would gladly try if he could find the way. He fully realizes that he is in the spirit world and looks longingly

for some one to help him. He longs and looks for some deliverance from this place of wretchedness, but no one comes to him and he wonders if he must always remain here alone. He remembers that his little Faith is somewhere among the angels and calls for her, his darling child that he had neglected so much while on earth. Would she come to him, who had never been a loving father to her?

Here we will leave him and learn if the angels hear the cry and call of those who have caused so many heartaches and days of sadness, or will they leave him to work out his own salvation?

He wandered about from place to place, restless, excited and lonesome. The stillness became almost unbearable. He could see his wrong doings so clearly now, and felt that if he could only live over again on earth he would be true and kind to those who loved him, as well as to others. He again and again called for some one to help him, but no one came, and he threw himself down on the grass and wept like a child.

Now Susan went to him, put her hands upon his head, and he passed into a deep sleep, as you would say, but he was in an unconscious state. Then we both called for the children of Summer Land. They came running and singing, but all stopped as soon as they saw us, then came close to us, and Susan told them that this was little Faith's papa, who had not been a good papa always, but now wished to be. Would they help him? "Oh, yes; we will! We will gather flowers and everything pretty for him," and away they ran. Soon they came back with as many

flowers as they could carry, and covered him all up, then took hold of hands and surrounded him, all waiting so quiet that not a sound could be heard.

Soon at a distance we could hear a clear voice singing :

“ I am coming, I am coming, papa darling,
I am coming now to you ;
Yes, the angels hear you calling,
I am coming now to you.”

And my little Faith came running to us, so happy ! She walked to her papa, put her arms around his neck, smoothed his face with her hands, and said : “ Papa, open your eyes and see ; your dear little girl is here with thee.”

He opened his eyes and was bewildered and astonished, looking at himself, then at the little ones, at Faith in particular, and cried out : “ Oh, why do you all come to laugh at my suffering ? Let me hide myself.” Little Faith said : “ Papa, don’t you know your little girl ?” He looked at her again and exclaimed : “ Oh, my darling one ! You *have* come to me, your papa, who never had a kind word for you. *You* have come to help such a miserable sinner as I am. I do not deserve it.” Faith said : “ Papa, all your wrongs can be made right if you try to do better. You will, I am sure. I will help you ; will show you the way, some day, but now must leave you in the care of others.”

“ No, no, little Faith ; do not leave your papa.”

“ I must go, dear papa ; but, if you choose, we will meet again. I am your little girl still, but you do not need me now.”

"Yes, I do ; do not leave me, darling. Stay with your papa."

She rose up into the air before him, surrounded with a glorious light, and was truly angelic. Then, raising her hands in prayer, she said : "Father in Heaven, I leave him in thy care." Then she threw kisses to him, and passed away, and all the little ones with her.

I was surprised to see Faith do this way, but soon learned why. He called for her, but no answer came. Again he was alone. Soon I saw a man with white hair and a very kind face coming, who said : "My dear one, can I help you in any way?" "Oh, yes! I want my little girl." "Yes, I know this ; but you cannot have her presence because the lessons you are required to learn will take you in another direction. When all is learned, you will meet her ; not before."

"She is my child, and should obey my wishes."

"She always did in earth life. Did you always obey your Heavenly Father's wishes? Did you do your duty to those under your care? Did you help the poor and needy? Did you live so as to call the angels from heaven to your side? I will let you answer."

"Oh, no ; but I do now wish to do better."

"I am glad to know this, and am here to help you. But until you have become free from sin and pure in heart you cannot be with little Faith."

"Please show me the way. I am anxious to do anything to become happy."

He was led to another place very much like this, only there were a few flowers and many people, where he was

informed that the first lesson to learn was to "do unto others as you wish them to do unto you." Should he meet any who are unhappy, tell them what he had seen and been promised. In that way he would prepare the way for future progression and happiness.

The angel then passed out of his sight, but near enough to look on. The man looked around and finally walked to a person who was feeling very unhappy, and said :

"How do you do ? Where did *you* come from ?"

Here old acquaintances met. He was one who had been much to blame for his wrong doings. The greeting was, "Oh George, is that you? Help me out of this place. I want to go back and tell my wife how sorry I am for what I have done. Can you help me? I am sorry for much that I have done and wish I was in a better place, if they have any here." His friend had not been here long and was not certain as he could be of any assistance, but would try. One thing he was certain of, however, and that was, that he was as unhappy as any one could be, "and possibly we can help each other."

In this spirit they accompanied each other and were lifted out of unhappy conditions in the effort to help each other ; and by lending a helping hand to those in sorrow and disappointment they finally passed into higher conditions, but it would be a long time before they could reach the state of happiness that little Faith was in.

We left these boon companions here and returned to little Faith's mother and there found our darling hovering over her, giving sweet thoughts and appearing to her frequently while at rest, or in dreamland as the mother

supposed, yet as real as life. We saw that the mother and darling brother were coming to us very soon, for we saw a fatal disease sweeping many from earth life, and knew that they would be among the victims.

Little Faith could hardly wait to welcome her loved ones into the new life, where all would be so happy. While on the bed of sickness the mother talked of Heaven and her darling Faith. Would she meet the darling child? The little brother passed away one day before the mother and we received both of them in our home here.

Susan and Faith gathered a great quantity of flowers and made a couch and placed it in our home. The couch was first covered with pink silk, the pillow with beautiful lace. The canopy of thin goods was drawn back so as to form a little room by itself. Paths, steps and all inside the home were scattered over with flowers. When all was completed, we three returned to Faith's mother and found the change was near. Faith stood at one side of the bed, Susan and myself at the other. Many earth friends were there doing all that could be done to relieve the sufferer.

Before the soul left the mortal form she opened her eyes and bid her friends farewell and passed into another temporary slumber from which she awoke and exclaimed, "Oh! my darling little Faith!" and then passed into the last sleep upon the earth side of life.

As the soul or spirit leaves the body the chill of mortal death creeps up from the feet to the brain. Then the new birth commences and gradually becomes complete. We saw this process going on and remained quietly waiting for the spirit form to become perfected. When this was done

the spiritual, or new body remained in a standing position directly over the old form of clay. Then there came a time of unconsciousness to her. We then surrounded her and received her in our arms and carried her thus to our home in Heaven and placed her upon the couch beside her little boy, who had passed away a few hours before and was held in that state, as we desired to prevent him from missing his mamma.

Little Faith was now holding her mother's hand and all were waiting for mother and child to awaken into the new life. Soon the mother awoke and recognized her darling Faith at once, but did not know where she was. On looking by her side saw her darling boy and said: "My darling Faith, how came we all together? Where are we?"

"Oh, mamma, you are now in Heaven, where there will be no more parting in tears and sorrow."

"My darling child, is this really you?"

"Yes; all me. Are you not glad? I wish my brother would awake."

At this the mother looked all around, saw us and inquired who we were. Faith assured her that Susan was an angel that she would love dearly, that I was her other papa, and that we had helped her to come where she was.

She thanked us and said that she did not understand how all this had been done, but was very glad to be here with her darling children and inquired if she could always remain here with them.

Then little Faith made passes over her little brother and he awoke, calling for his mamma, and she took him in her

arms so naturally that he did not realize that any change had happened. Upon looking around, he exclaimed :
“ Pretty, pretty mamma ; tee pretty sings.”

Faith was now perfectly happy. After a time the mother arose from the couch and we all passed out to look at the beautiful scenery around us.

Susan was now called once more to some place to lift up the suffering, and she bade us good-by. I remained for some time, as the mother had much to tell and needed advice. I finally asked little Faith if she did not think she had better remain always with her mother and brother, as they would need some one to show them the way we do things here.

“ Oh, yes ; but what will you do ? I promised to be your little girl, but I did not think my mamma and brother were coming so soon.”

“ Yes, dear ; I know that, but I can find another little one, I think. Your place is by your mother’s side, now. So I will leave you all here, and go to Summer Valley to find another little guide. Please make yourselves contented here, for this is your home until you can find one you like better. What shall I tell the children for you, little Faith ? ”

“ Oh, tell them that I am very happy, because my mamma and little brother are here with me, and ask them to come and see us.”

Then I left and soon found myself in Summer Valley. I stopped and looked at the children, and it made me think of a lot of little chickens, all busy hunting after something. Here and there was a mother, watching over them,

explaining this and that, for outdoors is where they learn their lessons ; no poorly ventilated school houses here for our little ones.

Soon they saw me, and what a change took place ! Each stopped and picked up something to show and came running to meet me with : "Hello ! How is little Faith ?" "Where is our little Faith ?" I was fairly puzzled to know what to say, but succeeded after a time in getting in a word. Such chattering, like a lot of birds ! This place suited me and I made up my mind to remain for some time and did so.

I found Libby here, very happy and contented. The little ones would coax me to sit down and then fix me up "pretty," as they thought, and if that had been a possibility, they would have succeeded in doing so. They would cover me with flowers and vines, and hang flowers on my ears for earrings. I asked one if she was not "a little proud," and she said : "Yes ; ain't you ? You look as though you was, but I love you lots !"

I finally thought I had better return, but they all said that they needed a grandpa very much and if I would stay they would give me much to do ; which I do not doubt, as I had been there for some time and had been on the go every minute.

I enjoyed it very much, however, and finally told them about little Faith having to remain with her mamma and I had really come for another little girl ; did they know of any I could have ? Well, I never saw such faces ! They all got up and arranged their dresses, fixed back their hair and said : "We will every one of us go ; can we ?"

I really would like to have had some one choose for me, as I loved them all.

Finally I decided to take four, two little girls and two little boys. "Now," I said, "which will 'come?" Two little boys came forward and said: "Do you think we will do?" Yes; I would like to have them come. Then two little girls came in the same way. The girls' names are Dottie and Nellie. Dottie was four years old and Nellie thirteen. The boys' names are Clemmy, eight years, and little Joe, six years old.

I now delivered little Faith's message and told them that I would come back after a time and take them with me. When I returned we bade them all good-by and I returned to Susan's home with my family of four beautiful little ones. Before reaching Susan's home I learned that I had my hands full with only four.

Children here are just like any children, except that they are always happy. Dottie and Joe are about as full of mischief as they could very well hold, but I love them dearly. They would not get out of my sight, but such running and jumping, such times of learning lessons; such joyous times I never saw except among children.

Such questions would they ask! I did not attempt to answer all the questions. Little Joe asked me where I came from and what made my hair so thin; he had not seen anyone before with such thin hair. "You must have been very bad sometime." I did not attempt to answer about my thin hair, but told him that I was very old and maybe that was why I did not have very much hair. This seemed to satisfy him, as he said: "Oh, well; all right, then." We

remained at Susan's home for some time. When I went to my place of duty I left them in her care.

My work here has been to visit places of unhappiness in the spirit world and lift up poor souls that I find there. Having described the condition of Faith's father when he first came here, it will not be necessary to repeat. When I write you of wicked places, or places of unhappiness, I simply mean the spot where the wicked find themselves upon coming here. There are no places of sin here; no places where wrong doing can be carried on. Every one is glad to do right after a time. If any have evil thoughts, they find themselves all alone, where they cannot do any harm. I remained in this work for some time before being called away to get ready for some of my own to enter the happiness in readiness for them.

H. B. KENYON.

IX.

Father Kenyon's Home.

The time was finally nearing when your mother was to come into this new life and I began in earnest to find a place that just suited me for a home, and finally found a little spot that answered my longings and pleased my fancy. The front in the place where I would build my home lay quite level, and back of it was a high hill. A river ran by and there were little points jutting into the water, making a beautiful shore. Trees were very nice and large back of the spot and there was a little island quite near where the home would be. This island would be very pretty to look at and a great addition to the natural scenery. I could easily build a bridge across the river to it. Yes; this was the place for my home.

After taking a long look at this place I returned to Susan's home for my little ones and Susan and returned. All were pleased with the spot, and soon Susan returned and left us to plan for our home.

We decided on the rustic style and began to look around for the material to use. We had not gone far when Nellie found a flat stone, just the kind for a walk, but Dottie thought moss would be much nicer, and finally moss and Dottie carried the day for the walks. We found moss plenty, and when ready commenced the walks as you would, by placing the moss on the grass close together, the same as you would sod. The light green moss on the dark green grass made a beautiful walk.

Looking for material for building developed the traits of

the little ones. Nellie was best for arranging things, Dottie was the quickest to find things needed, little Joe was a big talker and Clemmy was the worker. Grandpa was to be the "boss."

After the walk was finished, we commenced to look for material for the house. Dottie thought that all we had to do was to say, "please, dear God, we want a house" and it would come; "see if it don't." Little Joe thought that way would not work, so we started off to find the wood required and soon found log after log, all covered with moss, just what we wanted. "Now, didn't I tell you so?" said Dottie. "Yes; you said so, but you just didn't know for sure, did you?" "Why, yes; of course." Each picked up a log and returned with it and soon we had all we required for the house and then began the building.

Our house was to be of the rustic style and Nellie thought it would be nice to have four large openings, equal distance apart, for windows. We do not need any glass, so we left places for the windows and doors. The house is nearly round, roof pointed, all made out of round logs. There is a veranda all around the house. The steps were made out of logs also, as we decided not to have any stone, but to make it wholly of wood. Joe wanted a fence on one side, so he could jump over it and we found some small limbs just suited to our use and made Joe's fence. Dottie was not pleased with a bare fence and found a nice vine, like the morning glory, and planted it and soon had a beautiful screen.

At this stage of our work, little Joe said he must have a dog. Clemmy thought he would like one too; and they

went away looking for dogs. They were gone some time and I wondered where they were, when they came running back, each with a dog.

I was not aware that there were any dogs here and inquired where and how they found them. Joe said: "We were looking for dogs and finally heard one bark and that was the way I found out where they were. They are in a sort of valley and there are a great many different kinds. I saw one I wanted and called him but he did not come, 'cause he had no name, you know. So I went to him and patted him on the head. He is a large, curly, white fellow. Then he acted as though he had always known me and was glad to come with me." Clemmy's is a large, black one. Both are Newfoundlands, and beautiful creatures. One we named "Whitefoot," and the other "Blackfoot."

Dottie decided that the dogs must behave or she would tell them to go home again, but the boys were certain that they were all right and would cause no trouble. They appeared to know almost as much as we did, and do many things nearly as well as the boys.

We were interrupted here in our work on the home for a time, as I was called once more to help some one in trouble and sorrow. This time it was one who was very dear to me. The little ones accompanied me and we went to our friend in sorrow and sickness and worked faithfully to cast aside the coming trouble, but it could not be. The loved one must leave her home and loved ones in earth life. The physical was not strong enough to resist the disease that was consuming her lungs. When the hour

came for her to leave the mortal, we received her spirit home and administered to her every want. I was the first to meet our Adelaide, but will leave her to describe the meeting and her thoughts on entering this beautiful home of rest.

We once more took up our work of home building. After finishing the walk and house outside, we turned our efforts first to a fountain. We found stones for the basin and formed it into shapes leaving four small holes for water to pass through; also made a low rustic railing around it. Little Dottie gathered vines and planted them for a covering to the railing. Clemmy thought we would have a hard time getting water into the basin, but you remember that we have a river close at hand and we formed a little narrow trench between the fountain and river, then found hollow limbs sufficient to reach from one to the other; laid them down nicely connected and covered them up. The water did not flow at first, but soon there was a beautiful spray thrown up in the air. Susan told us the way to do that. There is a way to do everything and this was one thing that could not be accomplished by wishing.

Our fountain was a perfect success. The birds come and drink and bathe in it. The children get in and bathe as naturally as on earth. They get as wet as possible but never drown; seem to float like feathers. The children also have great times playing in the river with their dogs.

We next went in search of flowers for our windows. Nellie decided to have a different kind for each window. We found for one, something like portulacca; for the second one, forget-me-nots; for the third a climbing rose;

and for the other, a scarlet creeper. The leaves of this last vine are scarlet and beautiful. We went a long distance from home to find the thing that suited for the door. Joe concluded that he knew where there was something nice. It was a long way from here, but it is very pretty; and we started to find Joe's place, "a long way off, where there was some flowers so very nice."

We passed many places, and began to suspect that Joe was on a wild goose hunt, but he said no; he had been there and a good many other places with his mamma. I really thought he would lose his way, but he said: "It is just around this bend;" and sure enough it was. There was a very rocky place, with stones as high as the house and water running all around them very swiftly, causing the place to look wild and rough. There was grass beyond the water, which had grown very tall and was swaying back and forth with the breeze. The trees here were of a different kind from any I had seen, and looked like pine. I told Joe that I didn't think this a very nice place, nor did he, but there was some very nice vine here on a rock.

"My mamma said that here was where naughty folks come;" but we could see none. Nellie said we were not in the right condition to see them, but there were many of them here. Susan said that if we were to wish to help some one, we would soon see a great many people. We did so, and saw a wonderful crowd of very discontented people who were anxious to get away, and could also see others who were trying to lift them up. Yes; here was another place of work. Joe said he thought they would be better

after awhile; "now let us get our plant." I did not wish to leave here, but would finish our home; then would take up my work once more, and here.

We all climbed upon a large rock and found Joe's wonderful vine. It was bright yellow, had a leaf like a fern and was very beautiful. We gathered all we could carry, returned home and planted it each side of the doors. It made a lovely border all around the door casings and paid us richly for the long search for it.

Now the question of the carpet came up, and we decided on green moss. There was only one room in the home. I liked this idea, because we then would all be together. Nellie called the forget-me-not window hers. Dottie selected the scarlet vine 'cause she liked red best. Clemmy had the rose and Joe the portulacca. Here all raised their hands in surprise and said: "Why, dear grandpa, where is yours?" Yes; they all wanted me to take theirs and were sorely troubled. They came and put their arms around me, hugged and kissed me; wanted me to take all the windows and they would take the doors.

As soon as I could get a word in, I told them that we could fix it all right; that I would rather have the center of the room, then I could see all their pretty ways. And that settled the trouble.

We must have chairs, and decided on rustic rockers, with little vines covering them. They are very easy and pretty, as you will see, some time. We have chairs on the porch also, as we enjoy visiting there.

Now I thought we had everything nicely fixed and proposed to go over to the Island and make improvements

but Nellie thought best to finish the home first. I thought it was about right now; "what more was to be done?" She said they wanted "some pictures and little things." This was a new idea to me and I wondered how they could get pictures, and what they would think of next. "Well, where can we get pictures?" Nelly assured me that she knew "a mamma that paints pretty things just to give away," and she would go and see her. After a little time she returned with three little girls, all with arms full of pretty things, and some pictures which required frames. We framed some with light green and others with scarlet moss.

I let them do this work, as they were delighted and very enthusiastic about decorating the home. Finally, all was complete, and they were satisfied. Then I told the boys we would see about carts for the dogs. Joe wanted one with a red cushion and a big whip. Dottie objected to the whip, because "folks would think your dog was naughty," and though he thought a whip would "look nice," it was given up, and he concluded that he didn't need one, anyhow.

I did not know how we were to get the carts, but had seen stranger things done, and decided that we would go and see Susan about it. She knew where they could be found; so all of us started for that place. I think it must have been a great ways from our home, for we were some time going. When we came there, we found a large platform with a vine covered roof, and on the platform were very many different carts; no two alike. There were large and small ones for boys and dolls, and there were very many little folks selecting to suit their fancy.

There were a great many grown people here making these things. They would rub their hands together, make different motions and passes just as though they had the material to work with, and soon a cart would begin to form and come out just to suit you. I do not understand this at all. I only know that there is a way here to get all our hearts desire, if we are worthy.

The children were very happy now. The boys selected carts and harnesses for their dogs, and the girls selected doll carts, and finally the dogs were harnessed to their carts, and each loaded with a boy, girl and doll cart, and started for home, the happiest group of boys, girls and dogs, you can imagine. The dogs appeared to enter into the enjoyment, and acted as though they were really of some account now.

I never saw anything that gave me so much pleasure as this one event, and I always look back to it with so much pleasure that I find myself wishing they wanted another one, but no ; the first one is the very best of all. They wanted me to ride, but I could see no place for my foot even, say nothing about my whole person, so I walked by their side. I never heard such happy talking and laughing as homeward we came.

As we came in sight of home, they started off on a race. I fairly held my breath for fear they might tip over, but no ; all landed right side up, and reached the porch at the same time. When I came up they said : "Grandpa, we love you very much ; aren't you glad ? You are always going to let us stay with you ?" " Yes ;" and I wondered what all the other children would like in the way of playthings.

It appears that until the children are taken away from Summer Valley by some one, they live there in happiness and contentment, knowing of no other place that is more interesting. Until older ones take them for their own little darlings, they do not call for other playthings than are furnished them there. Children from Summer Valley come to visit us, but do not seem to wish for any of our playthings, nor do they appear to be so well satisfied as in Summer Valley. They always express a wish to return after they have had a good romping visit. They love their home nest best, and I do not wonder at it, for I have never seen so lovely a place as Summer Valley.

Now that the children were contented and happy with their dogs, carts, dolls and playthings, we turned our attention to the Island. We built a bridge over the river of a rustic pattern to match the house and found on the Island a great quantity of beautiful shells. The children brought some home in their carriages, placing them around the flower beds and in the house. We went over to "improve" the Island, but found it perfect already.

Now, having completed our home, I left the little ones there to enjoy themselves, while I once more began my missionary work. We received visits from Susan and the children from Summer Valley, so that your Adelaide did not become discontented in our home, nor was I interrupted in my work for some time. I seldom had my little ones accompany me in my missionary work for I did not want them to become at all familiar with such scenes of distress, so they remained at home, learning their everyday lessons, surrounded by loving care and happy conditions.

We have no night here, but do experience a change that lasts about as long as your night. Then there comes a shadow of darkness, as though the sun had gone down with you, more like your bright moonlight. Were we to return to you at this time we would find your night there. There is a dew here often enough to keep everything in the best condition to live. This does not come every time the dim light does, though.

Mother Kenyon's Arrival.—Time passed without much change in my work among the unfortunate. At home the children would receive visits from the little ones in Summer Valley and went there quite often, until the time was not far off for your mother's arrival here in her home of rest.

We can see these events some time in advance and have time to prepare our home for the reception. For her, we made a large chair and covered it with downy moss and placed a large bouquet of flowers at its side. There were flowers in every nook and corner of the home, which filled the room with sweet perfume. We made a frame around the chair and draped a curtain so as to form a little room around it.

When all was completed, my little ones accompanied me to the old home and there remained until she passed out of mortal suffering. Then we carried her to our home in the beautiful Beyond and placed her in the chair among the flowers and sat down by her side to await the final awakening. After awhile she awoke, just as you would from a natural sleep and was very much surprised at finding everything so strangely beautiful. Her first words

were, "Why, what has happened? Where am I? My dear husband, is that you?"

I explained it all to her, but it was some time before she could get things right. She was as greatly surprised as myself at the change and did not find Heaven as she expected. For many days she would sit on the porch and rest. The children were very much attached to her from the first. They introduced the wonderful dogs and mother enjoyed watching them very much.

We were all very happy now. The children would go with mother to Summer Valley quite often, as she was very happy with so many children. One time when mother and I were taking a walk, she inquired how it was possible for us to have made such a mistake about Heaven and also inquired if I had seen our Heavenly Father yet. I assured her that I had not and did not now expect to for a long time, but hoped to reach that condition sometime. Libbie and Susan made us long visits, and mother returned to their home with them to visit and was very happy. Nellie being the older one of the girls is a great help to mother in going from one place to another.

My missionary work is greatly among the class who are called "shadows" here. They are persons who lived on earth amid scenes of amusement and intemperance; persons who at heart are generous and social in their intercourse with their fellow mortals; persons whose habits overrule their judgment; persons who seldom stop to reason with themselves and thereby see where their habits will surely lead them. I am one of many who devote very much of our life on this side to reclaiming these souls and

starting them on the way to ultimate happiness and the companionship of those they should have loved more singly while in earth life. No soul is lost ; and we are always made glad by leading these poor, misguided ones out of their misery into the path that will lead them into a condition of contentment and happiness.

There are many experiences in earth life that are looked back to with sadness by those who lived dissipated and thoughtless lives, for there were ever, and still are, two very plainly marked paths that mortals are ever found following : one is the right, and the other the wrong. And though there is no question as to which leads to future happiness, very many in mortal life do, and ever have blindly followed the winding way of wrong doing from day to day, thinking that some day they will find an open way, some side-path, leading direct to happiness in Heaven ; hoping that through some influence or other, they will reach the beautiful country beyond the sunset of mortal life and enjoy the glorious harvest they should have prepared in earth life.

No one intends to come to this country of the Beyond unprepared, but very many do, because they put off the day to turn from evil ways until some day the result of bad habits overtakes them and they are unexpectedly called upon to lay down the mortal and put on the spiritual. Then they stand face to face with the inevitable, and soon learn the sorrowful lesson that a life of wrong doing surely leads to misery in the new life in the Beyond.

The old and familiar saying among men that "as you sow, so must you reap" ever has been and always will re-

main true. You cannot live a life of wrong and escape the effect of that life upon entering the beautiful world on this side the river. Wrong and deception may be cloaked there, but here we are not seen as through a glass, dimly. Here we are taken for all we are, and no more.

There is a wonderful glow of happiness on this side for those who have lived a life of love and right while on earth, and to those who have not there will surely be suffering that words fail to describe ; and while it is a fact that all will finally be made happy, who can explain the volume of suffering that would have been avoided by leading a life of righteousness on earth ?

It is the little things in everyday life that tell the story. It is one step at a time that leads to the end of the journey. A little seed lovingly scattered as you journey along will spring up along your path and mark the way you trod. Every day should be a stepping stone for the tomorrow. Then all would be ready to meet the angel of new life and pass through the golden gate into this beautiful country with joy and gladness to meet loved ones who are ever waiting and watching for dear ones to come down to the river's edge, so that they can ferry them safely over to the Summer Land.

The time again came when I was summoned to assist a dear one to come into this new life. This time it was my youngest son. Yes ; my youngest child, who should have remained in earth life many years, that he could have learned earth's lessons more fully. Sad and sorrowful as is the truth, it must be recorded that his habits were the sole cause of the unexpected summons that came for him to lay

aside the mortal and put on the immortal, or be clothed in spiritual raiment that he was not prepared for.

He had known for some time that he must change his habits or all would not be well, but he put off the time too long. The summons came when unexpected and he passed away from his loved ones so quickly that he could not give the parting word to those dear to him. He was full of physical strength but the brain became paralyzed so that he did not recognize any one during the last hours. He fully realized that the change known as death with you was taking place with him.

When he fully realized that the change had come, he was surprised, for he saw himself standing beside his mortal body. He appeared to be all right and so did the old body, and he was not certain but what he was seeing double. He was somewhat dazed, but when he saw his wife and children weeping over the old form, the terrible truth came to him that he had met the change. His voice seemed natural, but when he spoke to his wife she did not appear to hear him. There he was, outside of his own self, unable to make himself known, and he was very uncomfortable and anxious. If he could only tell his wife that he was not dead but was there, it would have been a great relief.

He put his arms around her but she did not appear to realize it and he became nearly wild with anxiety. What was he to do? He had not expected this change and had not left his business in right shape at all. She could not hear him and he could not help her.

Now that he was where he could not care for her

and the children as he could have done when in the form, past neglect and misery came before his vision and it was more than he could endure. Now he began to realize that to live rightly while in earth life, is far better than to live a life of neglect. Years of past neglect and misery came before him, and he could not endure the thoughts. He was bewildered and could not keep his thoughts upon any one thing.

While in this condition he saw a cloud approaching him and he soon became enveloped in it. He did not understand this and attempted to run from it, but his limbs refused to act. He gave one call for his wife to help him and became unconscious.

How long he remained in this condition he cannot tell, but upon awaking he was alone in a very green place. There were tall trees, rocks, and everything looking like a meadow of uncultivated ground. How long he had been here and how he came here, was more than he knew. He felt lonely and lost and could find no way out. He walked and walked, but would find himself finally in the same place he started from. He became more restless and thirsty, but could find no water. What was he to do? He must have a drink. He was nearly crazed for water and could find none.

While in this uncomfortable condition, wondering where he was and how he came there, he saw what appeared to be a ball of fire nearing him. As it approached, he could distinguish faces of persons he had known before, faces of friends in dissipation. He could see men sitting at tables eating, drinking and making merry. Yes, these were his

old friends ; surely they would give him a drink. This ball of fire threw a strong light upon all around him and he thought he was once more one of them.

He seated himself at a table and asked for something to quench his terrible thirst, but no one paid the least attention to his call. When he spoke to them they did not appear to hear him. This was misery complete. He comprehended the fact that these were his old boon companions in earth life and heard them say: "Well, Sam, old boy, is where we will all go sometime. Wonder how he likes it? Bet a dollar he is thirsty. Let us drink to the health of Sam." One of them would not talk that way about their old friend, for "Sam was a good hearted fellow, anyhow, and might be better off than they would be." "Yes, you are right, he was; but I would not give a cent for him now."

And so they talked on, he remaining to hear all and becoming more and more crazy for drink, so much so that he was in great torment. Finally one stepped forward and said: "I will offer one to Sam, in memoriam." He reached out to take the glass and the ball of fire and all rolled away from him. He watched it leaving and called upon his comrades, but none answered and he felt that he was forsaken by all.

Here in this beautiful place with green grass, tall trees and rocks, he sat in loneliness and thought over the past. His whole life passed before him like a panorama, and he thought that if he could live his life over again, he would improve every hour for good. He was sorry and regretted his past life. He could see all the past, and wondered if there was any help for him now ; wondered if he was

doomed to live always thus. He remembered his angel wife. Could he ever meet her, after living such a life of dissipation? He concluded that he would be ashamed to look into her pure, sweet face. He was now ready to undo, if possible, the wrongs of past years. He finally walked to one of the large rocks, and there sat down to think of some way out, and what to do. While there, he discovered, in a little crevice of the rock by his side, a little flower, perfectly white, and the first he had seen. He plucked it, and looked it over and over. "Simple little flower, how did you come here? Only one; how strange!"

His whole being cried out in sadness at the recollection of other days. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and he was crushed with grief on account of past wrongs. He looked up to the sky and could see dark, dull, heavy clouds passing by. Finally, in the distance, he saw a cloud coming that looked like a bank of pure snow. It came nearer and nearer, and he became very much interested in this one white cloud that appeared to be coming toward him. He felt that some one was coming from some source to help him out of this place of wretchedness. He hoped that this one white cloud was an omen of deliverance, and he watched it closely. As it came nearer it parted, and all above him was beautifully lighted with a golden hue. From that beautiful white cloud a little child came to him with a little spray of evergreen, which she dropped at his feet and passed out of his sight again.

He looked for her, but she had gone, and there was no one to be seen. He was sorely disappointed for he had in

some way thought the hour of deliverance had come ; and he buried his head in his hands, and wept like a child with a broken heart.

After the storm of grief had passed, he took up the sprig of evergreen and kissed it, feeling that the child had really come from some one who remembered and loved him True, he had never seen the child before, but she would not have been sent simply to make the situation more terrible than it then was.

In turning the sprig over and around so as to fully enjoy the thoughts it created, he found a little note fastened to one of the branches, which read : " Look up and once more live. Do unto others as you wish them to do to you." " Yes ; this I would. If some one would come and tell me the way, I would gladly follow."

Here I went to him, and laid my hand on his head, and he passed into a quiet sleep. In that condition I carried him to a place where flowers bloomed, birds were singing, and everything was beautiful, and placed him upon a bed of moss. Here he remained some time before awaking.

When he awoke and found himself in such a lovely place, he raised his eyes in thankfulness. He gathered some of the flowers at his feet, and wondered how this change had come about. Did he do it, or some one for him? " Certainly, this is wonderful. I went to sleep and awaken in this lovely spot ; what a wonder !" And he could not decide how it had come, but he was more contented here, and that terrible thirst had gone. There was a restful influence here that he had not experienced

before, and he placed his hand under his head, closed his eyes and rested.

While enjoying this condition, he was aroused by hearing singing in the distance. This was a great surprise, and he was not certain at first but he was dreaming. No; he was not dreaming; for now he could see a group of children running toward him, singing, laughing and happy. As they came closer, he saw their arms full of flowers, such lovely flowers as he had never beheld. When they saw him they stopped, and each one came up separately and dropped flowers upon him.

He inquired who they were and what they did that for? "Because you are not very happy." "No; I am not, but you seem to be. Dear little ones, come and talk to me. I am very lonely and would like to have you stay with me." One little boy came forward and said: "No; we cannot remain now. Some other time you will see us." "Why not remain now? What have you to do?" "Oh, we have much to do and must go now. Good-by." And they all disappeared before he could question them more.

He picked up some of the flowers and was looking at them and wondering what it all meant, wondering who would next appear, also wondering what the end would be. He wondered how his wife and children were getting along without him and thought that if he could see them now he would do all in his power to help them.

While thinking this thing over and wondering how he could now be of any use to the ones he had so suddenly left in earth life to struggle along without his help, he saw only a little way in front of him, a beautiful rainbow. It

was perfect, yet there was no rain. What did it mean? It came nearer and remained stationary. Then a white mist formed under it and through this mist he could distinguish a narrow path which looked like a path in the snow.

While he was wondering what this meant and what it was, he saw a lady coming down the pathway. She was dressed in a beautiful white robe and there was a silver light all around her. There was a wreath of white lilies on her head and an anchor in her hand. She came close to him, put the anchor by his side and knelt down by him. All was perfectly quiet and she remained there for several minutes. He did not move, for fear that all would vanish. She arose and as he looked up to her face, the misty veil passed away, and there by his side was his own angel wife, who had ever been true to him in earth life and would now lead him into paths of righteousness and peace.

Words of love were exchanged, all past wrongs forgiven, and though he felt unworthy, she lifted up his head saying: "My dear husband, I have seen all, and have never left your side, but could not until now come to you since you passed out of the mortal. I have given you good thoughts and have endeavored to uplift and help you out of your unhappy condition. You have a great deal to learn, but I will never leave you. Here there will be no parting in tears. Look up! Do you know who this is?" As he raised his eyes, he saw his father standing before him and he cried out: "Oh, father, forgive me; I will do better now."

With the help of the Almighty, and a loving wife, he is now at rest, where he will in time build a home for his

loved one here and those to come, where they will all be as one in this life of love and true endeavor to make all happy. I will leave them, blessing them and remain ever ready to lend a helping hand to each and all who are suffering.

In a short time our son and wife were with us in our home, where they will remain for a long time, as the weak need a strong arm to support them. We are helping each other to become more perfect and strong in this world of love and beauty.

Our life here is passed in different ways. There is something to do all the time; but we can be idle if we desire, though we are not satisfied with idleness after we have become fully rested from the effect of earth life.

H. B. KENYON.

X.

What Is the Use of It?

To all who read this first volume of our record of real life over the river and Beyond, I will kindly say that if it were not for the untiring, unceasing efforts of loving ones in this beautiful country of the Beyond, the world to-day would be in darkness, where it now sees in the distance a bright shining light which leads to the heavenly home.

To any who cannot see where the good can come from giving our experiences to hearts bowed down in grief, I will say: We come to open the door of darkness and despair which shuts in those who lose from the sight little gems of brightness that make a home the seat of love and contentment.

To those who feel that the last ray of sunshine is forever shut out from their lives by the loss of a dear companion, we come with hearts full of love and life to lift off the cross which is bearing them down to mother earth, making them unfit for worldly duties.

We come with words of cheer of the life we live in the Beyond, where all must in time come, where the new life will be dark or bright as it lies with each one to work out for himself. This mystery must be solved, one by one, sooner or later. We return to give you light upon the one great subject of "Where is our darling to-night?"

We do not come to make dark that which is now bright. We do not come committing evils which are covered by the mantle of society rights. No; we come for good alone to those we love. We come to encourage them to meet the

many trials in earth life; to assure them of our living and ever loving them the same as when in the form. We come to assure them that we do ever linger around them as they toil day after day, giving them thoughts that cannot come from mortals, until the day when they will open the golden gate that leads to everlasting life, and there find us just as of old.

I will now close my diary by saying to each one separately: You have your happiness in your own keeping. It is impossible to wipe out a life of wrong on a sick bed of repentance. If you want to be happy here, you must live a good, true life there. Do not leave this work for the very last thing to be done before entering the Beyond. Your wrongs surely follow you, until an effort is made to cast them off.

Lend a helping hand to the needy, speak kindly to those in distress, and do all you can to make your fellow mortal happy. I will say to all, and pray for all to be pure in heart, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, or the Beyond.

H. B. KENYON.

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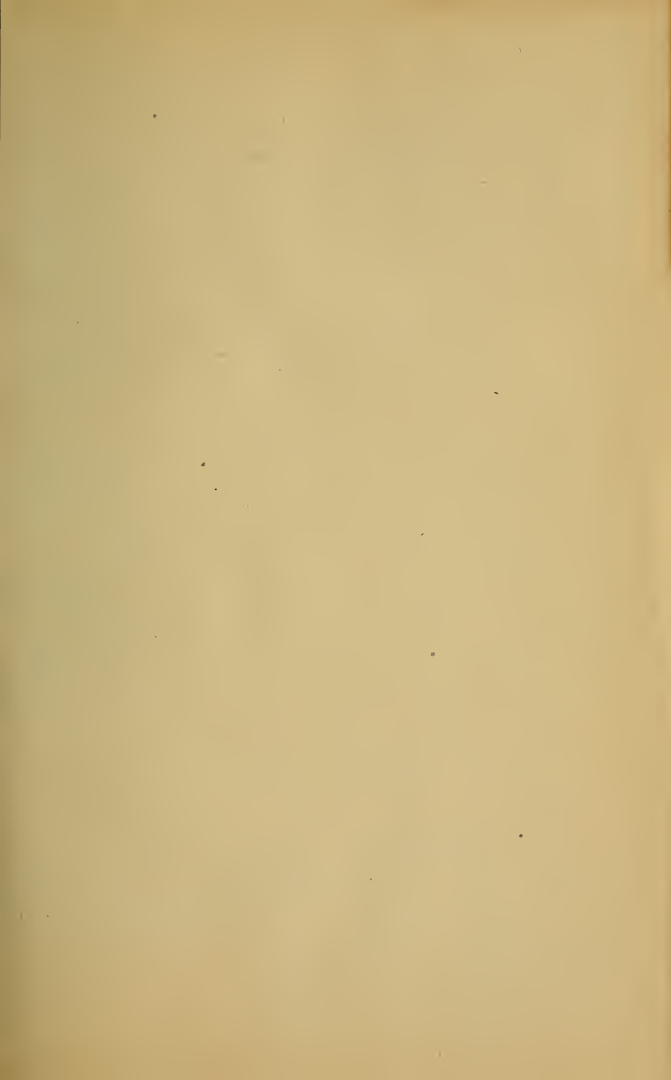
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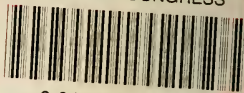
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